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The Man Who Wasn't Himself

by

Robert Ames Bennet

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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 26

The Best Story Of All!

by M. Quad

CLARA BARTLET was 20 years old the day she landed in New York. She was from an interior city and had a great object in taking a large one. She had taught school for a year and imagined she had literary talents. Certain friends of hers had helped her to imagine, and on two or three occasions she had written short sketches for a paper, and had been highly complimented, but they were nothing to build her hopes upon.

Miss Clara wished to shine on a New York paper. Scarcely had she got settled in a boarding house when she made a trip among the editors. In every case it amounted to just this:

"Have you had any experience?"

"No, not so very much."

"Just what do you write?"

"Story writing comes easier to me."

"This is not a story paper. Do you wish to act as a reporter?"

"No. Certainly not."

"I do not think we can employ you. Once in a great while we might have a sketch for our Sunday paper, but we are usually crowded with news."

After Miss Clara had visited six newspaper offices she began to see that there are many obstructions in the way of a literary career. She must persevere, however, or make a complete failure, and having failed with the newspapers, she tried the story papers, and every one of her stories came back as fast as she sent them away. She compared them with the stories written by the others, and they seemed all right to her. What she wanted was counsel, but there was no one to give it to her. There were lame spots in her stories, but she could not see them, and the editors who sent her stories back did not write her of the fault.

And so it went from week to week and the girl hung on. By and by a little hope came to her heart. A story paper announced that it wanted six American stories by American authors, and it would pay one hundred dollars to the one who sent in the best stories. Miss Clara went right to work writing six stories. They were no better than the ones she had written, and which had been returned to her, but finally she finished them and sent them away, hoping that success might come to her.

THREE weeks had passed when the landlady opened the door of Miss Clara's room and said:

"A gentleman in the parlor to see you, Miss Bartlet."

Miss Bartlet was flustrated. She had no friends in New York, and could not imagine why a gentleman should call and see her. She went down to the parlor and there found the gentleman. He was a good-looking, intelligent young man of about 30, and Miss Clara was rather pleased with him at first glance.

When the usual formalities were passed, he said:

"Miss Bartlet. I have come about your stories. They are usually sent back by mail, but in this case, as I had to pass your house, I thought it best to have a word with you."

"My stories!" she repeated, with a sinking heart. "Have you come to tell me that I have made a failure?"

"Not exactly that," he replied, "but I wish to say a few words to you. You are wasting your good time and postage stamps. Your stories are not even sketches. You do not get hold of the thread to unwind the spool, and you make some queer mistakes in some of your statements.

"For instance, you say the wheat was ripening in the field, and a little further on you say it was a day in November. Miss Bartlet, don't you know that the harvest time in New York is the month of July and August. By the middle of August all the wheat has been cut and thrashed. The fields where it grew are no longer wheat fields, but are called wheat stubbles. Perhaps you can find some wheat ripening up at the North Pole, but you certainly won't anywhere else. Have you no friend who knows anything of agriculture?"

No, she had not, and now to be told in plain words of her mistake brought the blushes to her cheeks.

"And story No. 2," went on the gentleman, who had given his name as Frank Gaylord. "You lay the story at Coney Island. You have a girl of 18 go in bathing one July day. The undertow seizes her and bears her out into the ocean. Then you speak of great cakes of ice. Isn't it a rather strange temperature, Miss Bartlet?"

"I must have forgotten," she answered.

"But it don't do to forget when you are writing a story. The reader will look upon all such things as exaggeration. Now listen to me and don't be too much cast down. You have a young man making his way thru a piece of woods, and he comes across a girl who has been hiding there on the cold ground with a broken leg for two long days and nights. He picks her up and carries her home, climbing over fences and jumping over obstructions. The distance is three miles, and not once does he drop his burden. You have got an unnatural thing here. In the first place, the young man would have run for a vehicle of some kind or got a doctor.

"In the second place, nobody but a circus acrobat could climb fences with a woman in his arms. In the next place, the girl would have been so near dead that she could not have told him where she lived.

"Your other stories are just as bad as these, but you listen to me. I am going to do what no editor ever does. I am going to counsel with you. I am going to tell you how to write a story, and I am sure you will write one which will pass. If you can't, then you must give it up. All people can write a little, but one has got to have a peculiar gift to make a name in the literary world. Now, then, let us begin."

Mr. Gaylord took the command just as if she had nothing to say. He laid out the ground work of a story, and told of the incidents she was to put in, and she agreed to write just as he told her to do. He left her very much ashamed of herself and in confusion, and it was two weeks before he called again. Then he asked for the story, and the girl had to tell him that it was not written yet. She had tried and tried in vain but could not write to the ideas he had given her.

"Perhaps I was not plain enough," he said, as he led the way to her desk. "Now, then, this is the way it goes: The scene is laid in a furnished room in a large city. A girl has come to New York to enter into a literary career. She thinks she has literary talent, and the man who calls thinks so, too. He finds she is rather timid about writing, and he sits down with her to give her confidence. She gets confidence and writes and writes, and she writes such a good story that the gentleman accepts it at once. Now, Miss Bartlet, you see how easy it is."

"But I do not understand," she interrupted.

"Why, you write a little story," he explained.

"But I haven't written any story."

"But you are going to. You write that a gentleman about 30 years old is well fixed as to money matters. He wanted a wife, but had never seen a girl before he saw our heroine, who took his fancy. He proposes."

"And the story?" asked Miss Clara.

"Oh, it is a short one," he rejoined. "All you have got to say in your story to make it the best of all is to say 'I do'."

Mr. Gaylord said he would call back in a week and read over the story; and he did call, and it was a story to please him. It simply consisted of: "Yes, I accept."

And Miss Clara gave up her literary career to become the happy wife of a happy editor.

* * *

MIXED FEET.

A TREE toad loved a she toad
That lived in a tree;
She was a 3-toed tree toad,
But a 2-toed tree toad was he.
The 2-toed tree toad tried to win
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground
That the 3-toed tree toad trod;
But vainly the 2-toed tree toad tried—
He couldn't please her whim;
In her tree toad bower, with her V-toe power,
The she toad vetoed him.

* * *

Another Angel Child.

THERE is a little 5-year-old girl in Chicago who appreciates her mother partly because of self-appreciation.

"Mamma," she said the other morning, "guess what Mabel's mamma said about you at the party last night."

"I don't know, I'm sure. What was it, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why," was the reply, "she said you was the sweetest little girl's mother in Chicago."

MONTREAL WOMAN FINALLY HAPPY

After Years of Grief and Misfortune She Finds Happiness and Contentment in a Simple Way.

That old adage: "Every cloud has a silver lining," became an actuality for Miss Wilks of Montreal after what seemed like endless years of bitterness and grief.

She longed for the good times and the attentions and the other advantages commanded only by that precious gift—a beautiful complexion. That seemed to be the cause of all her troubles. Everything she tried was all in vain, and each time she looked into her mirror her bitterness grew. But one day a beam of new hope came when she read that Miss Dorothy Ray, 646 North Michigan boulevard, Suite C, Chicago, Illinois, was willing to reveal to every woman, without cost, the secret that has brought clear, rosy, soft and velvety complexions to thousands of women who had tried all known methods without success. Without delay she, too, wrote Miss Ray for her free advice and in a few days she was astounded and happy when she looked into her mirror.

The following letter of gratitude, written by Miss Wilks, is teeming with happiness: "Dear Miss Ray: I used your treatment for about three weeks and found myself cured of very enlarged pores and blackheads. I tried all kinds of methods without success. So I am writing to let you know how thoroughly satisfied I am with the results of your wonderful treatment. Words cannot express how glad I am to be free at last."

Miss Ray has endless numbers of such letters from happy women to whom she has given advice, and says that it makes no difference how muddy your complexion is or how badly disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, over-redness, enlarged pores, oily skin or other blemishes, her advice will amaze you. Miss Ray wants every woman afflicted with a poor complexion to write for her remarkable free revelations.—Adv.

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

Persian Eyebrows

Persian Eyebrows.

According to the formula for beauty in the up-to-date "beauty parlor" of our own land and time, the eyebrows should not grow closer than the eyes themselves. This is a fact that you can establish because the beauty "doctor" where you go to have such slight "improvements" made in your appearance as you may regard as perfectly consistent with good taste, will suggest at once, if you are one whose eyebrows grow close together above the bridge of the nose, that those offending eyebrows be plucked out. It is a very simple matter, and apparently there is no doubt of the fact that they are a blemish, just as much as that upper-lip embellishment that Dickens describes in one of his unattractive feminine characters as being "eyebrows out of place."

But the close-growing eyebrow has not always been regarded as a blemish, nor is it in all places today. The fact is the Persians and Arabs admire it immensely, so much so that in order to produce the effect of having this type of eyebrow, they paint black lines on their brows as extensions of the eyebrow if it does not grow close enough to suit their ideal of beauty. To the average American the close-growing eyebrow gives the feminine face a look that is masculine, while it adds seductive charm to the Persian or Arab. This type, tho ardent in love, is some times jealous and suspicious.

According to a Hindoo writer who finds the meaning for all sorts of facial characteristics the eyebrows that are joined together in the middle betoken "largeheartedness and eloquence." The man or woman so blessed is said to be "sweet tongued," whereas the person with eyebrows growing far apart is sullen and gloomy.

Character analysts in our own land attach considerable importance to such details as eyebrows and eyelashes. Other things being equal, a heavy growth of hair indicates to them strength and endurance both physical and mental. One goes so far as to draw an analogy between thorobred persons and thorobred horses. He says that if you wanted to select a good horse, and knew nothing of the pedigree of two beasts you were looking at, one of the first things you would do would be to look at the coat of the horse you thought of taking. If this was thick and full, if the mane was of more than average luxuriance, and if eyebrows and eyelashes, for these embellishments are not, like chins, the exclusive property of mankind, were abundant, then you would have reason to believe that your horse was a good animal, intelligent and full of endurance.

Therefore, concludes this expert on physiognomy, if you are selecting young boys or young men to work for you and want those who will be worth training into your business, have an eye to their eyebrows and eyelashes. There are persons with scant endowment in this direction, but in general, says he, the man with heavy, full and long eyebrows is the man who will have more than the average of stamina and endurance.

So perhaps the Arab or Persian is wise when he admires a woman with full, long and close-growing eyebrows. It may indicate to him virility, endurance and amativeness, characteristics that he may admire more than the piquancy, archness and delicacy betokened by the slender, less close-growing eyebrow.

Next Week: The Long Septum.

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Robert Ames Bennet

"I Believe You Are Yourself, Will. I See It," Said Ellen, Fondly.

AS HE sauntered from the train in the rear of the hurrying crowd of his fellow passengers there was nothing peculiar in his appearance. His clothes were in good taste, his manner quiet and well-bred, his look intelligent, pleasant and indifferent. On the whole he gave every indication of being a manly and attractive young gentleman. He walked with the resilient step of an athlete in training—and in his mid-twenties.

The gatekeeper told him where he could check his suitcase. He started across the arcade to enter the depot. From outside the iron fence an elegantly dressed young fellow beside the nearest train waved a hand to him and called familiarly: "Hello, old man! Didn't know you were returning—what the deuce!"

The traveler, after a moment's quizzical scrutiny, had started on into the depot without betraying the slightest sign of recognition. The young elegant who had called to him flushed and bit his lip. As quickly his shallow gray-brown eyes hardened and he recovered his nonchalant poise. With a swiftness that was masked by the utter lack of hurry in his manner he slipped thru the gate and across the arcade into the depot.

The sight of the man he had addressed brought him to an abrupt halt. He turned aside behind a pillar paused to light a cigarette. The traveler was at the checking counter depositing his suitcase. Having received his check he turned away with the bearing of one who is in a strange place with no particular desire to do anything.

Before he had taken half a dozen steps he was rushed by a middle-aged man who might have passed for a promoter or a clubman of rather pronounced tastes. "Why, howdy, Mr. Lowrie! Back in Denver again, I see, and looking fit as a fiddle. Glad your stay East has done you so much good."

"You are slightly mistaken," replied the traveler, ignoring the other's outstretched hand. "I do not happen to be a comer-on, and I care neither for a little game nor a gold brick, thank you."

He went out thru the main exit of the old depot, leaving the man who had accosted him agape and blankly disconcerted. A shade of perplexity crossed the face of the watcher behind the pillar. He puffed quickly at his cigarette. A woman had followed the traveler to the checking counter. The watcher sauntered along the counter until his seemingly idle gaze rested on the number of the check that was thrust over to her. He then strolled out into the main exit, his shallow gaze fastidiously appraising the faces and costumes of the women about him.

The welcome arch, framing the vista of Seventeenth street, had caught the eye of the traveler. He stood before the depot, idly viewing the arch and the dark green trees in the narrow depot park. Tho all the vicinity was grimy with the dust and smoke of the lower city the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun streamed like golden shafts thru the foliage and shone dazzlingly on the electric bulbs and metal points of the arch. It was the fag end of a June day, yet the heat was dry and tonic.

The traveler tensed with the upwelling of his energy. He noted the line of taxicabs drawn up outside the depot grounds, and started forward, brisk and purposeful. At the same time a small touring car that had been standing beside the curb before the ladies' waiting-room curved around and rolled smoothly out across the block pavement towards the welcome arch.

Car and pedestrian reached the crossing at the same time. The driver, a portly, gray-haired gentleman, tooted a warning and swerved over on the crossing. Checked by the sound of the horn the traveler came to an abrupt halt and stood poised, waiting for the automobile to glide past. Tho the closeness of his escape must have startled him he smiled and looked at the occupants of the car with good-natured unconcern.

The elderly driver was too intent on steering the machine to give further heed to him. But the matronly lady in the rear seat looked in his direction and met his gaze full and direct. Instantly she flung out her hand and leaned toward him, her face aglow with surprise and delight.

"Well!" she cried. "Stop, Karl, stop! Don't you see Will?"

THE car came to a stand within its own length, and the dignified driver twisted about to peer at the traveler. As he met the young man's look of well-bred annoyance his joyful astonishment became clouded with doubt. But the doubt vanished and left him beaming with cocksure delight.

"It is Will!" he exclaimed. "Most unexpected! Such a—a——"

"My dear Will! My dear boy!" broke in the lady. "To think that you——"

"Happy surprise!" boomed the gentleman. "My last report from the sanitarium was that you were still traveling in the charge of their——"

"Yet here you are alone and looking simply splendid, dear boy!" cried the lady. "You've never before looked so ruddy and—and buxom. Why, with that mustache, one might almost fancy you some one else!"

"Gives you quite an odd look," put in the gentleman.

"Yes, that is it, Karl—the mustache. I noticed at once the odd change of expression. But the mustache and his splendid health——"

For the first time the traveler rallied from the half daze into which he had been thrown by this sudden attack. "I beg your pardon madam," he interrupted the lady. "You have rather the advantage of me. Evidently you mistake me for some friend who has been away."

He smiled as if in sympathetic amusement, but the others at once became grave. The lady gazed at him in shocked surprise. The gentleman replied to him with dignified irritation: "This is no occasion for practical jokes, Will. Very unlike you! Merely because you have grown a mustache is no reason why you should——"

"What a Joke—To Be Kissed by Your Own Little Sister," Exclaimed Amy.

"One moment, sir," broke in the young man, and he drew out his cardcase. "My name is Clinton—Richard Clinton. I am a stranger in Denver——"

"It won't do, won't do, Will!" irritably rejoined the older man. "You've changed a great deal—wonderful improvement. But of course it's all owing to your complete recovery. Never saw you look so robust. There's a resonance in your voice—— It's no use affecting the Boston accent. You can't disguise your voice."

"Sir, it is you who insist upon a practical joke because of a fancied resemblance," declared the young man, his blue eyes glinting with annoyance.

"Fancied!" exclaimed the lady.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he replied, and he presented his card to her. "As you see, my name is Richard Clinton. I am on my way thru to the coast and am stopping over in Denver only for the change of cars."

"Ah, yes, to be sure," she murmured, her eyes on his card. "So stupid of us. Pray pardon me a moment."

She turned her shoulder to him and leaned forward to hand the card to her portly companion.

"Oh! what can it be, Karl?" she whispered. "See! —to have had cards engraved! He really seems to be serious, and it's so unlike him to joke. Can it be possible that his loss of memory—that it has failed entirely?"

The bushy eyebrows of the gentleman came down over his keen eyes, and his face clouded with concern. "Possible? Possible?" he muttered. "Amnesia—dissociation—secondary personality! My dear, it's not only possible; it's highly probable! And I thought he was joking, poor boy!"

"Hush! Leave it to me. We must detain him. He cannot be allowed to leave town."

"No, no!—while in this state—impossible!"

The lady turned to the young man with an air of gracious apology. "Mr.—Clinton, you hear my husband. We cannot allow you to leave the State without first having made amends to you for this—this annoying mistake."

"Pardon me, rather, for my rudeness," he hastened

to reply, the most proper response, he thought.

"It must have seemed to you so impertinent," she insisted. "Only, you see, our friend—Will Lowrie, you know——" She paused expectantly, but his clear gaze betrayed no more than polite attention. She flung up her hand in a little gesture of bewilderment. "You are Will—and yet your expression—— Pardon me, but if only you realized what an extraordinary resemblance! . . . As I was going to say, Mr. Lowrie has been away more than half a year. He was quite ill when my husband took him East. This—it is as if he had come back to us strong and well."

"A perfectly natural mistake," the young man good-humoredly reassured her. "Two persons between whom there is only a moderately close resemblance are often mistaken for one another when apart, tho their differences, once they are together, may be very noticeable."

"But you and Will——!" she replied. "Even after your explanation I have to refuse to believe my own eyes. I have no doubt that my husband, as well as myself—— Pardon me. I am Mrs. Kirkland, and this is my husband. Mr. Clinton—Doctor Kirkland."

The young man met the introduction with a manner nicely balanced between well-bred reserve and cordial warmth. He bowed to the lady and stepped forward alongside the car to grasp the chubby hand of the physician.

"It is a happy case of mistaken identity that gives me the pleasure of your acquaintance," he remarked.

"Very!" agreed the physician, masking his diagnosing scrutiny under a benevolent smile. "The pleasure is not all yours, Mr.—Clinton."

"Indeed, no, Mr. Clinton!" vivaciously confirmed the lady. "Even if it were for no more than your resemblance to Will—— It's simply absurd how like you are. I have to keep reminding myself that you are not he. It makes me feel quite as if you were an old friend. How long did you say you expect to remain in town?"

"My train leaves shortly before midnight."

"Not tonight?"

"Yes."

"But that never will do! You say you are a stranger in Denver. You must stop over a few days at least to see our beautiful city. You are not hurried by business?"

"No, I am merely on a pleasure trip to California."

"And you would pass straight thru Colorado!" she reproached. "Does not your ticket permit you to a stop over?"

"I believe it does."

"Then of course you will."

He hesitated. "Denver has the name of being a cold town to strangers."

"That is a baseless calumny, as we shall prove to you," she declared with redoubled graciousness. "Since we have become acquainted in this delightfully unconventional manner you must pardon the unconventionality of an invitation to dine with us on such short notice."

"It is most kind of you," he acknowledged. "But my trunk——"

"No, no; just as you are—quite informal," she forestalled his objection.

He could not resist her cordiality. "Since you are so kind!"

"Jump in," directed the physician with an urgency almost peremptory.

"Yes, do Mr. Clinton," begged the lady. "We came down to see off your—pardon me—Will's mother. Your aunt—I mean your mother's—Will's mother's sister (down at the Springs, you know) was suddenly taken ill this noon. Nothing really serious, however. Amy and Ellen were away on a motor ride. So your—Will's mother—— Why, here is Charlie Bemm!"

THE elegantly-attired young man who had hailed the traveler in the depot arcade came sauntering toward the automobile, seemingly oblivious of all else than a pretty girl across the roadway.

Mrs. Kirkland raised her voice: "Charlie Bemm, come here this instant! What does this mean? You were to go to the foothills with the girls."

Bemm raised his fashionable straw in the most correct manner, and drawled his response while hastening to present himself before the lady: "Ah —my dear Mrs. Kirkland, happy to meet you. Rotten luck over that ride, y'know. Tho Miss Amy had been so good as to accept the loan of my car and——"

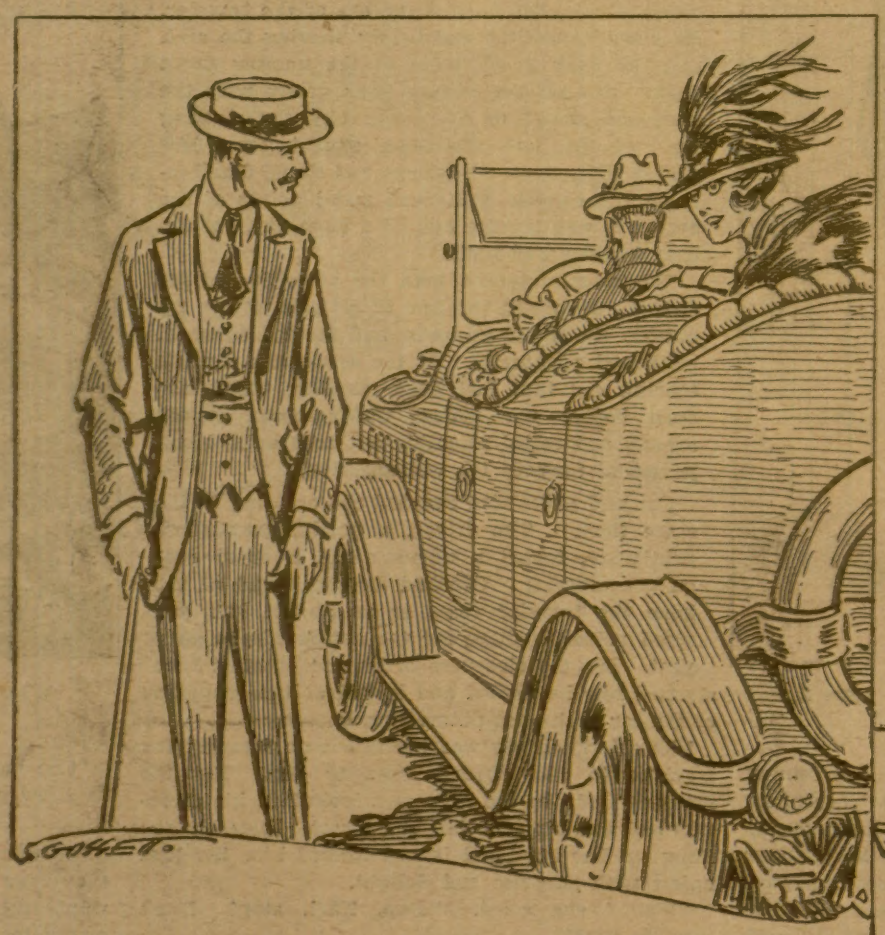
He stopped short and thrust out his hand to the traveler, who was in the act of facing him. "Why, hello, Will! So here you are! I say, what the deuce made you cut me there in the depot?"

The traveler smiled quizzically as he took the proffered hand. "It seems that I have more friends in Denver than I had supposed."

"Friends? Why—er—have I ever given you reason to believe I'm not a friend?" demanded Bemm, quite confusedly. "It's over three years since we——" He flashed a look of inquiry at the physician. "Surely, doctor, it cannot be that his loss of memory——"

"No, no, Charlie," hastily interposed Mrs. Kirkland. "It's absurd, really absurd, but this gentleman is not Will at all. He is Mr. Richard Clinton. Isn't the resemblance marvelous—that is, at first sight? Looking closer you of course see the difference, and possibly explain it to us."

"Ah—now, I must say—what's the answer?" inquired Bemm, looking the traveler up and down with the air of a connoisseur inspecting a canvas suspected of being a copy. "Really this isn't quite fair, y'know, when I make no pretense at being clever, Mrs. Kirkland. Because Will has come home with an English mustache and an English accent and an English complexion, this farce of his, pretending to forget his friends—if it really is a farce——"



Tho the Closeness of His Escape Must Have Startled Him, He Smiled and Looked at the Occupant of the Car With Good-natured Unconcern.

"Indeed, no Charlie. It is anything but a farce!" exclaimed Mrs. Kirkland. "Mr. Clinton finds it a most annoying mistake. He has positively assured us that he is not himself—that is, I should say, that he is not Will."

"Er—what? You mean that his loss of memory——"

"Mr. Clinton is Mr. Clinton," broke in Doctor Kirkland, and he gave Bemm a significant look over the traveler's shoulder. "A few minutes ago Mr. Clinton was a stranger in Denver. He is not so now. We have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance."

"And he is to dine with us," added Mrs. Kirkland. "You'll join us, Charlie?"

Bemm gave her a tragic look. "If only I could! But a previous engagement, y'know—one I can't cut even for you. After dinner I may drop around. Yes, it's quite likely that I will."

"Yes, do. Ellen may be home, and perhaps Amy may be up. Come as you are, please. Mr. Clinton's trunk is on his train."

"On his train? Then he does not expect to stay over in Denver?" drawled Bemm, taking out a cigarette.

"My train leaves about midnight," explained the traveler.

"But of course we shall not permit him to go," said Mrs. Kirkland. "We must all treat him so well that he will decide to stay in Denver for a long time."

Bemm raised his narrow eyebrows, but caught the keen glance of the physician and blandly waved his hand upwards. "Yes, to be sure. Once we get him thru the welcome arch duty to Denver will not permit us to connive at his escape. He must be made to stay."

"For a week at the least," added Mrs. Kirkland. "We'll look for you this evening, Charlie, to help us persuade him. You are going uptown with us?"

"Not at present—no."

"Then until this evening. Mr. Clinton, if you will step in."

Smiling in response to the general cordiality, the traveler opened the door of the car and took the seat beside the lady. The machine rolled out thru the arch, leaving Bemm standing hat in hand, his countenance taking on a strange, puzzled look.

He waited until the party was a block away, and then sauntered from the depot grounds to catch the first uptown street car.

CHAPTER II.

FAIR ELLEN.

DOCTOR KIRKLAND was too careful a driver to have any glances to spare for his passengers after he had guided his car up thru the business streets of the city to one of the most quiet of the Capitol hill avenues.

Mrs. Kirkland, however, was graciously attentive to every remark and expression of her companion. Each time they approached a building of note she watched him with an air of expectancy, as tho looking for some sign of recognition. Invariably she was disappointed. His interest was keen, but it was the interest of a stranger. Even when they passed thru the Capitol grounds he failed to show the slightest trace of reawakened memory.

They went on a few blocks south and then more swiftly eastward. At last the physican brought his car to

"My Dear Will! My Dear Boy."

a stop at the curb before a residence set in a plot of emerald green that merged with the lawn of Congress Park.

"Here we are—home!" said Mrs. Kirkland, in a sprightly attempt to win some indication of remembrance from the young man at her side. "No doubt Ellen will be awaiting us."

Her companion's look spoke only of polite inquiry. The mention of home and of Ellen had alike failed to stir him. She concealed her disappointment with difficulty.

"I referred to my daughter," she explained. "Ellen went on a motor ride to the foothills with Amy—Miss Lowrie, you know—and some of their girl friends."

Again she looked closely into the face of her companion. But the name of Amy Lowrie brought no flash of memory into his frank blue eyes. He stepped down to hand his hostess from the car.

A neat little maid came darting from the front porch of the house down across the sloping lawn to the parked sidewalk. "Doctor," she called, "here's a phone message. Urgent case at the sanitarium."

The physcian took the note and read it at a glance. "H'm—quite true. That new psychopath. Must go."

(Continued on Page 11.)

Of Course You Are Interested in Mark Hellaby, an Absorbing Character Well Worth Following. Here Is More About Him.

The Scar

By Ruby M. Ayres

A Summary of the Third Installment

Next morning Mark received a visit from Miriam, at his flat in the city. She called to thank him for a check he had sent her, together with an apology for his conduct the night before. She had lost her job as barmaid. "I've never had a chance in the world," she said as she wept bitterly. Miriam accepted his invitation for a dinner at a restaurant.

Mark paid a call at the Lisburnes'. He was godfather to little "Twinkle" Lisburne. Twinkle's nurse proved to be the same young woman Mark had observed in the dingy church. Her name, she said, was **MARY SILVER.** On returning to his flat Mark found Bishop there. Bishop warned him against seeking further relations with "that girl," Miriam. That night, at Lisburnes', Mark again met Mary Silver and told her that he loved her, and, strangely enough, after her amazement had partially subsided, she permitted him to kiss her.

This story began in No. 22, the Ledger for June 3. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEY came back to earth when Twinkle stirred in his sleep in the adjoining nursery.

They stood motionless, Mark's arms still round Mary Silver, but hers slipping from his shoulders.

"Is he awake?" Mark whispered.

Mary Silver nodded.

Her hands had dropped to her sides now. She felt that but for Mark's upholding arms she would have fallen. She looked unutterably weary, and her lips quivered like a child's from the passion of Mark's kisses.

He bent to look into her eyes.

"Do you want me to go?" he whispered.

"Do you mind?"

"I am too happy tonight to mind anything. When shall I see you again?"

She hesitated.

"I have a free day tomorrow," she said then, almost inaudibly.

"May I call for you?"

"No, oh, no. I could meet you"—her eyes were lifted timorously—"if you really want to see me," she added.

Mark took her face between his hands and laid his lips on hers in a long kiss. She was quite colorless when he released her.

Mark bent and kissed her hair. He held her for a moment without speaking. He was almost delirious with happiness, for he, who had been unloved and loveless all his life, held love captive in his arms.

Then he gently released her and tiptoed to the door. Mary Silver stood where he left her. She heard the door open and his step across the landing, and then almost immediately heard him returning.

She moved and faced the door as he entered. Mark laid something between them on the nursery table.

"Twinkle's chocolate elephant," he said.

Her pale face lit up with a little flashing smile.

"He would have been so disappointed if you had forgotten," she whispered.

They looked at one another for a long moment, and the heart of Mary Silver seemed to faint in her breast before the passion in Mark's gray eyes. She swayed a little, leaning her hand on the table to steady herself. Mark laid his own above it.

"I love you!" he said.

Then he went out of the room and downstairs.

It was still raining when he reached the streets, but now he was grateful to the chilly night for cooling the fever in his veins. He walked on like a man in a dream, carrying his hat in his hand.

He had been given a glimpse of heaven, and his brain still reeled with the intoxication.

He loved, and was loved. Here was no forced passion or imagined affection—they belonged to one another, had always belonged. Mary Silver had been born into the world for him, and his feast of happiness was the greater because of the years during which he had gone hungry.

The present hemmed him in; the past had gone. Life could never again be without hope or the joy of looking forward.

The rain was dripping from his hair when he got in. He went into a bedroom to rub it dry with a towel. Thru the open door he could see the glow of a dying fire in the sitting-room across the narrow hall. He went over to it and switched on the electric light.

Bishop looked up with a sleepy grin from a chair by the fire.

"So here you are," he said.

Mark stood quite still like an automaton that has run down, then he went forward.

"Hullo!" he said quietly. Bishop yawned and hauled himself to his feet; he looked slightly uncomfortable.

"As a matter of fact, I'm having a little supper party round at my place on Saturday night," he said, "and I thought you'd come——" He paused. "You can bring a friend if you like," he added, with such elaborate carelessness that the words were coarsely eloquent.

The red blood lashed Mark's pale cheeks. He knew to whom Bishop referred, and his soul quivered with a vague horror of the thing from which he had been saved by Mary Silver.

He met Bishop's eyes squarely.

"Was it to tell me this that you waited?" he asked evenly.

Bishop looked nonplussed.

"Well—yes," he said hesitatingly.

"Then," said Mark, "you need wait no longer." He went to the door, opened it, and set it wide.

There was a dead silence, then Bishop began to bluster:

"What the devil! I'll be d—d if I'm going to let you kick me out like this. I—good God, Mark! What's the matter, man? Are you drunk, or out of your mind? D—n it, haven't we been friends all our lives?"

"I'm not sure that we have," Mark said curtly.

The color rose to Bishop's handsome face.

"If you think I'm responsible for bringing that girl Miriam along, it's a blasted lie," he said violently. "She was never interested in me. It was always you, even in the old days, and if you're afraid that I'm going to poach on your preserves now—d—n it all, man, you're wrong! I admire your taste—she's a fine-looking girl, but——" He stopped.

Mark's face was so distorted with passion he could hardly speak.

"Get out," he said thickly, and then again, "get out."

For a moment it seemed as if Bishop would refuse, then he shrugged his shoulders and turned to the door, looking back with an amused smile when he reached it.

"Well, you know my address when the halo slips off," he said coolly. "Good night."

He went out, banging the door behind him.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARY SILVER had promised to meet Mark at the north gate of Kensington Gardens, but tho he was there a quarter of an hour before the time, and stayed for twenty minutes afterward, she did not come.

It had been bright sunshine when he started out, but it clouded over while he waited, and rain began to fall.

Mark took it as a bad omen, and his face was set in lines of bitter anxiety and disappointment when finally he hailed a passing taxi and gave the Lisburnes' address.

Something had happened to her! He could hardly endure the short drive. He had opened the door long before the cab stopped and was ready to spring out when he saw Mary Silver walking away from the house in the opposite direction.

His Arms Closed Convulsively Round the Girl at His Side.

Mark left the driver staring, and dashed after her. He was pale and breathless and he stammered as he tried to speak.

"You weren't coming!" he said. "You weren't coming!"

The crimson flush that had dyed her face from chin to brow left her very pale as she met his accusing eyes. During a wakeful night she had made up her mind very exactly what she would say if such an occasion as this arose, but now everything was forgotten before the tragedy of his face. She began to excuse herself wildly.

"I did not think you would be there, either. I thought that this morning you would be sorry you had promised to come."

She had thought nothing of the sort, but Mark winced as if she had hurt him. He looked down the road.

"We can't talk here; I have a taxi waiting."

She followed him to it reluctantly; neither of them spoke again till they were driving away, then Mark said harshly:

"You don't mean that you thought I was sorry—you mean that you don't love me."

She began to deny it, then burst into tears—frightened, passionate tears which he could not understand.

He sat staring before him.

"There's no need to cry," he said at last, almost angrily. "You can't help it if you don't love me. I suppose I've been too sudden—I've frightened you; but it was so real to me. . . . I care so much. I thought you must care too."

"I do, oh, I do!" The confession broke from her in a forlorn cry, and Mark's arms went out to her blindly, and gripped her almost before it was ended; but she would not meet his kisses and turned her face from him.

"I want to talk to you. There are things I must tell you—things I must try to explain," she said desperately. "You are a gentleman, and rich, and I ——"

"You are the woman I love," said Mark.

She went on, not heeding.

"You know nothing about me. . . . My people were just nobodies. . . . They are all dead now, but that makes no difference. . . . My father would probably have called you 'sir' if he had been living. Oh, don't think I am ashamed of him, but——" She broke off as Mark laughed thickly.

"Are ye going to waste time with such nonsense?" he asked. "I love you, and ask you to be my wife, and instead of answering you tell me some rubbish about your father! As if I care what he was! He was probably a better father than mine, anyway. Mary——"

But she still held him away.

"Wait! Wait! That isn't all. . . . Oh, I can never make you understand! I know it's not possible, but——"

Mark could wait no longer and his lips caught hers suddenly in a passionate kiss. For a long moment she was smothered in a masterful embrace which stifled her will, almost her consciousness.

Then she turned her face away with a little sharp movement as if he had hurt her. She drew away from him, shivering.

"Mary," said Mark.

Their eyes met; hers dark with pain, his filled with happiness and tenderness, and she cried out suddenly:

"Don't, oh, don't! If you only knew, you would not love me."

And she hid her face from him.

"If I only knew! What do you mean?" Mark asked slowly.

She did not answer—she only shook her head, and he drew the hands gently down that covered her face. He kissed them before he asked again, very gently:

"What do you mean? Don't be afraid to tell me."

The tears welled into her eyes and brimmed over.

"You said . . . that you had never loved any one . . . before me," she whispered at last; and then, "I—I . . . can't say that . . . I wish . . . Oh, I wish I could!"

For an instant he did not answer, but his face paled as he searched hers with jealous eyes.

"But now . . . whom do you love—now?" he asked painfully.

"I never knew what happiness really meant—till you kissed me last night,"

(Continued on Page 15.)

Here's a Remarkable Picture of Remarkable Outlaws. Are You Following It?

The Cedar-knobbers

By Augustin W. Breeden

Refresh Your Memory With This

While returning to town Mart explained to Mabel that his kiss was only a joke—that he did not love her. That night the Ware Hotel was nearly shot to pieces by the Peters gang. They believed Mart to be a spy, or detective eager to win the $1,500 offered for the arrest of the father and son. Because Mabel was in the public house with Mart, Ralph Peters took no part in the attack, which ceased when a posse of citizens drove the attackers off. Knowing what was to occur that night,

CAPTAIN GREGORY, an idler in Kearneyville who for some time had annoyed Rose with his attentions, went to Nubbin Ridge to again plead for her love, but with no success. Upon his return to town Gregory learned that Holloway had received a slight scalp wound, and that the Peters gang had all made their getaway, old Elisha with a bullet in his left leg and Harvey with another in an arm.

The attack by the Peters outlaws aroused the ire of Judge Sloan, and a citizens' league was immediately organized to enforce the law in Kearney County. Captain Gregory held that if the Peters gang were to be punished, Holloway should be tried for shooting Elisha and Harvey. Twelve hours later, at midnight, Gregory and half a hundred men of the hills met and organized the Ozark Legionaires, who in time came to be known as the Cedar-knobbers, a sort of free-lance jury, with a terrible oath, and with methods of punishment even more brutal than those of the first Ku Klux Klan.

TOM WHARTON, Mabel's brother, was a member of the new Legion, but he was inclined to defend Mark Holloway; at least, he couldn't believe the young lawyer had really wronged or trifled with his sister.

This story began in No. 23, the Ledger for June 10. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VII (Continued).

AND Mart stood by and saw that most brutal of all human punishments administered to the sheriff. That the sheriff probably deserved it made no difference in Mart's feelings. He was disgusted—disgusted and sorry that he had made the mistake of casting in his lot with this brutal gang. He saw Gregory now; plainly for what he was, a crafty and underhanded ruffian who aimed to use these ignorant mountaineers as cat's-paws to carry out what ever low purposes he might conceive.

Dawn was beginning to break before this brutal whipping was over, and the mob, timid enough in daylight, however bold they were in the dark, made haste to disperse in the gray and foggy dawn and reach their respective homes before they could be recognized. Mart, who was nearly the last man to depart, saw the sheriff still lying on the ground, half dead, where the brutal whippers had finished with him.

As Mart Holloway rode back toward Kearneyville the birds were singing in the dewy trees, the squirrels chattering and calling in the pines, and cattle lowing at farmhouse gates to be milked and fed. The young Kentuckian felt sick and disgusted with all that had passed during the night and made up his mind to break with these bloody-minded outlaws at the very first opportunity if it cost him his life.

Tom Wharton rode at his side, and he felt in Tom a kindred spirit. As for Gregory, he had chosen not to return to Kearneyville that morning, but had ridden away to the south toward the home of the man Dempsey who had accused Judge Sloan of unfairness to his cousin.

Mart's mind was in a whirl. He kept wondering if he could trust even this man Wharton. He wanted to get a warning to Rose Peters that her father's house was liable to be attacked any dark night now, but how to get such a warning to her was his question. And with all this he was dead on his feet, and went sound to sleep while his horse was drinking at the ford of the river.

"Pretty sleepy?" asked Tom sympathetically.

"I'm dead for sleep," said Mart. The landscape was slowly swimming round him.

"Then come home with me and go to bed," said Tom. "I'm not very sleepy. I'll set up and watch and see that they don't——"

"Don't do what?" asked Mart.

"Don't try to make you a prisoner," grunted Tom.

Mart lay down with all his clothes on in a tiny room at the home of Tom's widowed mother and was soon sleeping the sleep of an innocent babe.

He was awakened with the sun glaring in his face and heard the sound of trotting horses outside and a voice that called out:

"Have you heard the news, Tom?"

"No, what news?" Mart was wide awake and listening intently while his mind flew to Rose Peters.

"Somebody shot and killed Sheriff Walker a while ago. They shot him from ambush from the other side of the river just as he started to cross the ford."

All the Way to Kearneyville Tom Wharton Carefully Kept His Horse a Few Paces Back of That of Captain Gregory.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM WHARTON'S CODE OF MORALS.

ALL that day there was "whispering with white lips" in Kearneyville. The body of the sheriff was rescued from the stream into which it had fallen and carried to his home in Kearneyville. The coroner, who by the death of Walker became sheriff in his place, appointed Dr. Doane, the town's leading physician, coroner, and asked him to make a thoro investigation into the shooting.

The investigation brought out the fact that the man had been thoroly beaten with a whip before he was killed, and the name of the Cedar-knobbers was on every lip, but always in a whisper.

Captain Gregory had returned to town and was at the investigation, as was Mart Holloway and Tom Wharton and nearly everybody else, but no one who was questioned would tell anything about what had happened to the sheriff. The Widow Jorth's little boy, who was watering his cow at the ford, had seen the sheriff ride into White River on the other side, and seen the horse stop to drink. Then he had heard the crack of a rifle somewhere up among the bushes on the other side and seen the sheriff pitch forward into the water and the horse turn about and plunge toward the far bank of the stream. The boy had left his cow and run as fast as he could to tell his mother. That was absolutely all the testimony there was in the case.

"Gregory's work," mused Mart. "He's managed to use some one as a cat's-paw to put the sheriff out of the way." He was tempted to step forward and tell all he knew about the affair of the whipping and have Judge Sloan put Gregory under arrest before he could do any further mischief; but he hesitated, and the moment and the opportunity went by.

Meanwhile he decided he would take Tom Wharton into his complete confidence.

When he and Tom went back to Mrs. Wharton's for dinner that day he called Tom into the little bedroom and asked:

"Tom, honest to goodness, what do you think of this affair?"

"Gregory's work," said Tom, "but it's as good as Walker deserved—he was a crook, that man Walker."

"Why do you think Gregory had it done?"

"For safety, I reckon; he knowed Walker would tell all he knowed about who was on Cedar Knob last night."

"Yes, for safety," said Mart quickly, "and, Tom, he'll have you and me killed for the very same reason. He don't like us because we didn't agree with him every time. Gregory is trying to build up a personal machine, a gang of men who will obey him like children and do his dirty work for him."

"Mart, what are you talking to me fer?" asked Tom suspiciously. "Are you goin' to try to git me to turn State's evidence against the gang we joined?"

"No, Tom, I'm not a man like Gregory. I don't want any one to do anything for me that they can't do honorably. But I thought perhaps you and I sort of understood each other, and you

(Continued on Page 18.)

Getting the Goods on Mr. Jones

By T. Rogers Lyons

TO ALL who knew him, or knew of him, it was the standing wonder that he had ever studied law, and what was more wonderful still, after he had studied how it was that he got up ambition enough to ever attempt to practice.

His name was Jones—Mark D. Jones. Two years had passed since he blew into Aurora duly armed with a license to practice law. From whence he came or how long he was going to stay were two questions that bothered Aurora very little. This undersized man or overgrown boy actually had hung up his shingle, and how he had been able to pay his board for two years was another mystery that no one cared enough about to attempt to solve.

To look at him you would think that you were in the presence of a prosperous poet; for Mark Jones was good looking, regular features and mild eyes. The poetical suggestion came from his hair of which he had an abundance, and most people thought it would be better if he called at the proper place and disposed of two-thirds of it. There is no doubt but what he was a deep student—but a lawyer—he had not one of the accepted characteristics that are said to be indespensable to that profession. Push, force and nerve were all seemingly absent, and those who knew him best asserted that he was a "dreamer"—"visionary in the extreme."

Of course, he had some "practice," but as for ever having anything of any importance, or of any particular local interest, he was as unknown as an attorney as tho he had not advertised himself to be one.

It is entirely possible that nothing would have ever been known about this visionary lawyer if he had not written a letter; many men have done various things that changed the whole map of their future—this man wrote a letter. The letter said:

Aurora, May 5, 1919.

Miss Helen Way,
325 Fort Street, Aurora.

My Dear Miss Way: I have an invitation to the Outhwaite's Thursday of next week. It would be greatly appreciated if you would extend me the courtesy to accompany me that evening. Respectfully,

MARK D. JONES.

Miss Way, be it understood, was the daughter of a banker, Simon M. Way. This young lady ran the banker while the banker ran the town, and it was conceded that of all the fair maids in Aurora Miss Helen was the selectest of the select, the most unapproachable, the—language fails—say the ultimate. It is safe to remark, however, that nothing had created so much commotion in the Way family as did this letter on its delivery.

Miss Helen was hilarious with unholy glee as she handed the letter to her proud papa, that he might read.

Banker Way was injured in his vanity; soot had blown onto his immaculate shirt front.

But Mrs. Way descended so far from her throne, as social high priestess, to be downright angry—mad, if you please. She had never been so insulted in her life!

That afternoon Schuyler Colfax called.

Mr. Colfax was a twig, or a lamb, from the oldest American aristocracy, who had been wafted by the hurricane of circumstances into Aurora and was much in the graces of Mrs. Way. His visits were numerous, and it was currently reported that if Madam Way could manage it, Mr. Colfax was destined to be her son-in-law. Miss Helen's ideas on this subject had not been expressed, and it was an open secret that "mommah" and Helen did not always agree.

Now if the Ways had kept this letter in their own family, all would have been serene, but you must know that Schuyler was possessed of the stuff that heroes are made of, and when he read this insult to the lady of her mother's choice for him, he boiled with indignation, but he held his peace, he did not tell what he was going to do—his plan was only dimly formed—but ah! surely she would be avenged, and he, after the avengement—who knows? Therefore, with admirable tact he simply suggested an automobile ride for the afternoon, to which Miss Helen duly assented.

Within five minutes after the ride began his plans were made. He would drive up to the door of that stairway leading to the lawyer's. He would confront the lawyer with his crime. He might inflict corporal chastisement on his person, and it would all be done when she would be sitting blissfully unconscious near the scene of his heroic action.

Yes, that would be about right—that is the way he had it planned when they reached the scene of action.

"Will you excuse me a moment, I have business in this block?" he asked of Miss Helen.

And Miss Helen, all innocent of what was going on in his masterly brain, said, "Certainly."

The car was stopped right under the second floor window where even now Jones could be plainly seen in his office working away industriously at his typewriter, if she had looked; but just now she was listening to the important tread of one Schuyler Colfax as he ascended the stairs.

She Instinctively Glanced Up, Possibly to See Where Colfax Came From.

Then all was silence.

Soon the waiting girl was called back from her admiring study of Schuyler's new and richly appointed car when she heard wafted thru the open window, so that she and all within the block could hear:

"Now, you cur, tell me what you meant by that letter to Miss Way?"

"Ah, hem, yes.—then Miss Way accepts? Thanks."

"No, Miss Way does not accept, she excepts to you, sending her a note of that kind; she has never met you, she don't know you——"

"Your pardon, Mr. Colfax, I believe you are; I have been formally introduced to Miss Way."

"But that don't permit you to write her letters of that kind."

A GIRL with a burning face was no longer seated in the richly appointed automobile. She got out and started up stairs. This conversation to the wide, wide world must be stopped at any cost. She started up after her knight, who was just at that minute exclaiming:

"—— and I have come here for the purpose of getting your written apology for the insult or I am going to take it out of your hide. That girl is not for——"

"You cannot speak of a woman in that tone of voice in my office—I will help you out——"

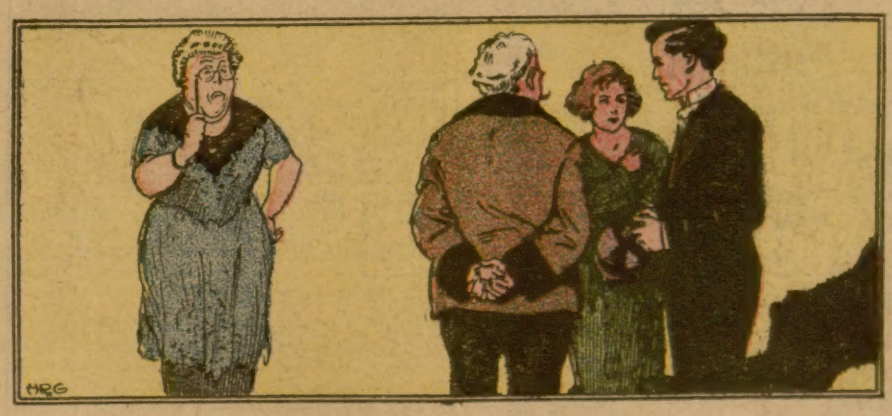
And Miss Way, going up the stairs, met Mr. Schuyler Colfax coming down. But the descent resembled more the antics of a tailor-made ball, than of a knight-errant. At least he bounded from stair to stair in a manner that would suggest that he had been given considerable impetus at the start. Miss Way nimbly sprang aside and let the Colfax roll by.

She instinctively glanced up, possibly to see where Colfax came from, and she encountered the astonished gaze of two mild blue eyes peering thru a wealth of mussed-up hair. She looked down and saw the remains of Colfax picking himself up and encountered the wrathful and dust-stained visage of her defender. She was, as it were, half way up and half way down, and squarely between the sublime and the ridiculous; at least she was between two extremes and no short cut out.

Then, to her escort's horror, she continued her way up the stairs.

"Mr. Jones, I hope you will believe that I knew nothing of his intentions ——"

"I believe it now, if you say so, but how did he know about my letter?"



The Temperature Fell to at Least 87 Below.

"I was—shall we say—slightly astonished at your invitation; if you insist it struck me as amusing, and as an amusing incident I showed it to Mr. Colfax."

"Well, it's good to be of some use; if I have succeeded in writing an amusing letter, Mr. Colfax has given you an amusing incident."

"The incident, as you call it, is anything but amusing, I assure you——"

"Then you are no better pleased with his assumption that you were with mine?"

"If there is any choice, I incline in your favor, as what you said might have been private, if I had looked one foot ahead, while his assuming to act for me is probably now all over town—and it's not at all funny."

One of the Offices Burglarized Was That of Mark D. Jones.

"If this matter is liable to be discussed, just for your sake I suggest that you do not add fuel to the gossip by prolonging this conversation."

"And your suggestion?"

"That you immediately proceed, anywhere you please, without him along; then gossip, while it may take up your name from the publicity he has given it, what is said cannot attach to you personally. If any one should come up now it would be another matter. I believe you understand."

He abruptly left her and went into the office. She passed Mr. Schuyler Colfax in the lower hall, much as the iceberg sweeps by the headlands; she paid him just as much attention.

The next afternoon a most unusual event took place. Mark D. Jones heard his telephone ring; he rushed to answer and had scarcely given his name when he heard—

"This is Miss Way, Mr. Jones, and I accept your kind invitation for Outhwaite's next Thursday. I will be ready if you call at 8——" Click.

In vain did he wait for a reconnection, but call her up he dared not. It looked as if he would have to wait—till Thursday.

II.

THURSDAY EVENING AT 8.

AS JONES motored in a hired car to the home of his intended companion for that night no one could have found any fault with his attire; the only thing that was not of the most conventional cut was his hair—and bidding the motor wait he tripped blithely up to the front door and rang.

The Hon. Simon M. Way was not in the habit of answering his own door bell, but he did so on this occasion.

"Good evening, Mr. Way. Is Miss Helen——"

"Yes, sir, Miss Helen is."

"Please tell her I am here."

"The news will not please her, after that disgraceful fracas of last week, and I do not care to have her see any more of you."

"I have an appointment with her."

"Impossible."

"Not at all."

"Well," hesitatingly, "step in and I will call her."

In a moment Helen came down. A single glance was enough to assure Mr. Jones that she was not intending to go out—mistake somewhere. No one asked him to leave the hall, so the three stood there—Helen astonished, proud papa consumed with secret mirth, Jones mystified and trying to get his bearings.

"I see that there has been a mistake somewhere, Miss Way. I invited you to Outhwaite's this evening, and the day after I wrote the invitation I received a telephone message accepting it. Now two things are possible, either you did not phone me your acceptance, or you have changed your mind."

Helen started to reply—useless exertion.

"Mr. Jones, please understand that my daughter is not under any circumstances accepting any invitations from you."

"Father, I can attend to my own engagements, please. . . . Mr. Jones, you are correct; I did not phone you in this matter, and if any one did they did it without my knowledge or consent."

"'If' implies that I am here under false pretenses, instead of by mistake, but I assure you some one, certainly a lady, as I believed it was you, did phone."

"The sequel to the story that Mr. Colfax started evidently; some one is interested in keeping up the annoyance."

"Then," calmly, "you class me as an annoyance?"

"No, a confounded nuisance," interpolated Helen's father.

"I believe, Mr. Way, that a nuisance is something that continues to bother you; I accept your definition."

Father was enjoying himself; if he had been behind his desk at this time he would have seen the hidden threat, but now he only saw the humor of the situation.

"You have sized the matter up correctly, Mr. Jones; so far we agree."

"Miss Helen, now that your father and I have agreed on terms, will you inform me in relation to the annoyance?"

"Certainly. Circumstances in which you have played a part have been most annoying, but candor compels me to admit that of Mr. Colfax, you and myself, you are the least to blame. I should not have shown that letter; I should have answered it—in just the spirit in which it was written. Colfax should have been less melodramatic; in fact, it was none of his business."

Mother now entered, and giving Jones her best imitation of a withering look, said:

"And you are here?"

"As you see, Mrs. Way."

"I think I speak for the whole family when I suggest that it be the last time." The temperature fell to at least 87 below.

"What you think is of little consequence, Mrs. Way." Jones paused while the lady addressed had all the symptoms of apoplexy. "The real question at issue is what Miss Helen thinks."

"Sir—sir—sir!" spluttered the enraged high priestess.

"Young man, the lady you are addressing is my wife!" Dignity oozed

from the banker's suppressed lips.

"Then your wife should have had better sense than to treat a guest, even a mistaken and unwelcome one, like a dog. It is not much of a woman who will insult a gentleman in her own house." There wag a peculiar look in the calm blue eyes, perhaps of mirth.

"Mr. Jones is right," came emphatically from Helen.. "We are all discourteous. Please step into the library." She moved to lead the way.

"I thank you, Miss Way; but not this evening. I appreciate your sense of fairness, and what you have said. Now, to all of you, it is perhaps only fair that we have a complete understanding about this matter."

"Then keep away from this house—and my daughter!"—blustered Father Croesus.

"And get out of here right now!" amended Mother Xantippe.

"What you have just said," replied he of the calm blue eyes, "seems to prove my statement, and that there may be no further misunderstandings in this matter I will state just what is going to happen. Please don't think for one second that I am one of these romantic idiots that fall in love at first sight. I am given to understand that first sight does much, is perhaps the foundation; the rest of the structure is builded of better if not perfect acquaintance. The foundation has been laid. As far as I am concerned I now propose to have a better acquaintance if not a perfect one. I am aware of your ideas; I am further aware that Miss Way considers me—a joke, or a libel on manhood, but in the face of all this I am going to become better acquainted—with your consent or without it. Good evening."

Jones let himself out. His three hosts were incapable of motion—and they heard a person walking swiftly away, whistling—actually whistling!

Calm blue eyes and long hair was a combination that none of the Ways were familiar with, a rather baffling combination, it must be admitted.

Father and mother, when they recovered their power of speech, began to plan on long trips abroad. Europe, Africa, even L'Hassa were spoken of as a possible destination, but Miss Helen said "No," and that settled it. She wanted it distinctly understood that she was not going to run away from any man—eligible or ineligible.

Was it possible that she was interested? Well, perhaps she was, in the incident that was fast assuming epoch-making proportions; certainly she could not be interested in Jones, that eccentric, long-haired, blue-eyed failure—that lawyer who never had or never would arrive.

III.

THE NEXT TWO MONTHS.

DURING the next two months much had happened. Jones openly sought the lady of his choice and often found her. She was not entirely happy. She was guyed unmercifully by all those who were close enough to her to permit themselves that liberty, yet there were "chance meetings" that she could not escape; then there were engagements made in person, and not by letter or telephone, which were kept. Jones even called at the house—went right up to the front door and rang the bell. Rope ladders and French windows did not fit in his scheme of courtship in any way.

During these two months father had called at Jones' office and in effect had asked him how much he would take—in hard cash—to give up his useless program.

"Mr. Way, it is exceedingly difficult for me to set a money value on Helen; I prefer her to all you have." Thus spoke Lawyer Jones.

During the two months mother, too, had called, and had talked of her blue blood, of their high position, of Helen's possible future—a Lord or a Duke were not impossibilities; now would Mr. Jones kindly desist?

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Way; I always try to oblige a lady in any way possible, but what you ask is impossible. You see, I am fully convinced that I love your daughter, and I propose to win her. I do not care to give up, even if all the kings of Christendom should enter the lists."

Also, during these two months, Schuyler Colfax called, and he threatened, begged, plead and denounced, but the calm blue eyes simply gave him that far-away look, of one who does not comprehend or is not at all interested in the conversation.

"Is Miss Way engaged to you, Mr. Colfax?"

"There is an understanding."

"Between Miss Helen and you?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Way——"

"Is in no sense Miss Way, Mr. Colfax. You may make any deals you please with Mrs. Way—kidnap or hide her—for all I care. Otherwise I am very busy and I bid you 'good afternoon.'"

And, as it was said before, during this two months Mark D. Jones called, and not only did he call, but Miss Way and Mr. Jones walked, motored, and generally did those things that any young couple would do.

It was near the end of the two months, since Jones had declared his intentions, when the two were enjoying a motor ride thru the country. Then, as sometimes happens, it came on to rain, one of these sudden thunderstorms that terrify the timid, but save the crops, and Jones sought shelter in a shed behind a country church—the shed was the open-side variety and the car could get into the stalls that were intended for the farmer's team of other days.

Miss Way was not particularly frightened.

Jones was absurdly contented.

In fact, his contentment and placidity got on Helen's nerves, and whether it was because it was a good opportunity, or because of the turbulence of the elements, or just because she was anxious to take it out on some one, is problematical, but she said:

"Mark D. Jones, when are you going to wake up, realize you are alive and be somebody?"

"Am very much awake now, thank you; I realize I've been alive every day of the last two months, and I do enjoy living, I'll tell the world. As to being somebody, I fail to just get you."

"Don't you know that yau are the laughingstock of this town—that you are considered a dreamer, and a failure?"

"And you——"

"That is not the question—the public."

"It is the entire question, and in the words of the great and good office holders, the public be—blessed!"

"But you know one is apt to be interested in his or her friend's success, don't you? No one loves a failure."

"And you——"

"Are you making this a personal matter?"

"I don't just get the drift of your question, but if you mean that you don't know that I love you, and am bound and determined that you shall love me, I will now inform you——"

"But, I repeat, no one loves a failure."

"And I repeat, how about you?"

"That is unfair. Suppose that I was in love with you, what would happen?"

"I would ask you to marry me, just the moment I was certain."

"Then what?"

"Then with your consent we would be married."

"Then what?"

"Why largely as you wish—we could travel—or rent—or buy just as you desired."

She was indignant and surprised, and blurted out:

"What with?"

"Money, of course! When you marry me you will find that I can provide for you just as well as you have been provided for. Don't delude yourself, young lady, that you are going to be invited to share a furnished room and bread and cheese with me."

"When I marry you? Your whole conversation is positively surprising, but

(Continued on Page 9.)

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

No. 3675.—Child's Play Suit. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 1⅞ yards for the bloomers, and 1¼ yards for the waist, of 27-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3943.—Child's Bonnets. Cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. A 1-year size will require ⅝ yard for No. 1, of 36-inch material, 1⅛ yards for No. 2, of 20-inch material and ⅜ yard of 20-inch material for No. 3. Price 12 cents.

No. 2450.—Sun Bonnets for Ladies and Girls. Pattern including both styles is cut in one size—medium for ladies and girls. It requires for No. 1, 1⅛ yards for No. 2, 1¾ yards of 32-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3632.—Child's Romper. Cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 1-year size will require 2¼ yards of 27-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3441.—A Set of "Short Clothes." Cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size will require 3⅜ yards of 27-inch material for the dress, 1⅝ yards for the slip and 1 yard for the drawers. Price 12 cents.

No. 3505.—Child's Short Clothes Set. Cut in 4 sizes: 6 months to 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 1-year size will require 1¾ yards for the dress, 1⅜ yards for the petticoat and ⅝ yard for the drawers of 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3863.—Child's Set. Cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. The dress requires 2½ yards of material; the petticoat requires 1⅞ yards and the drawers 1 yard for a 2-year size. For ruffles of embroidery on petticoat and dress, 2¼ yards for each will be required. Price 12 cents.

No. 3100.—Set of Infant's Clothes. Cut in 1 size: It will require 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, 2⅛ yards of 27-inch material for the petticoat and 2 yards of embroidery for the ruffle. The slippers require ⅜ yard of 18-inch material and the Barrie coat ⅝ yard of 27-inch material for band and 1 yard 40 inches wide for skirt. Price 12 cents.

No. 2186.—Infant's Set, consisting of a Cap, a Sack, a Nightgown and a Dress. Cut in 1 size: For the dress of flouncing it will require 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material with 1¼ yards of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nainsook or lawn 36 inches wide it will require 2⅝ yards. The gown will require 2½ yards of 24 or 27-inch material. The cap ⅛ yard of 18-inch material. The sack requires ⅞ yard of 27-inch material. Price 12 cents.

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Please note carefully the new address of Ledger Pattern Service.

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Inclosed find..... Send me the Patterns listed below:

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Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Name .....

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Town..... State.....

Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

Ledger Embroidery Patterns

By Helen Kaufman

Dainty Embroidered Gifts for the Bride.

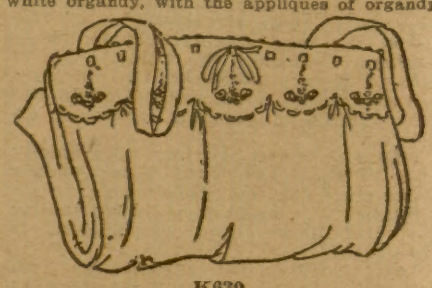
Dainty yet practical are the embroidered gifts illustrated here.

Her broad-brimmed hat, of felt or taffeta, is trimmed in large flowers of wool embroidery.

K626 is stamped on tissue paper and basted to the hat, to be torn away when finished. The flowers of soft blue, orchid, rose and old gold have black centers and green leaves. The flowers are worked in long and short stitches, the leaves in lazy daisy stitches.

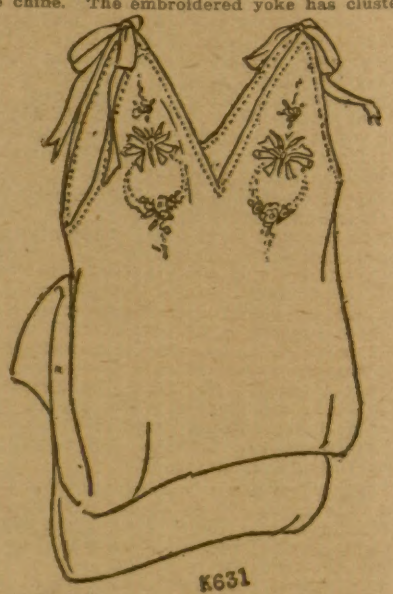
K627 decorates her bag of taffeta to match her hat. The bunch of mixed garden flowers are worked in the same wools as the hat. The bag is cut in four pieces. Two circles, each 9 inches across, for front and back, the puff 4½ inches wide and 1 yard long, the handle 3 inches wide and the length desired. Any shade of light or changeable silk may be used for the lining.

K628, for collar and cuff set of colored or white organdy, with the appliques of organdy



also. Six strand cotton is best for this work. Orange and black, with green leaves and French knots of Copenhagen blue, make an attractive combination. Organdy comes in such a variety of shades one can select many charming combinations. Black is effective for the cross stitches.

K630, combination was of flesh-colored crepe de chine. The embroidered yoke has clusters



of pink, light blue and orchid flowers, with green leaves. The roses are worked solid, using 3 shades for each rose. The small flowers are clusters of French knots. The buttonholed-scallops and eyelet-beading are done in pink, with draw ribbons to match.

K631, sleeveless nightgown was made to match K630. The edges are hemstitched and

(Continued on Page 9.)

your opening statement is the most surprising of all. This is one question that you cannot decide for both of us."

"It's a question that you must decide for both of us. In this matter your word is entirely law."

"Then you tell me that you have ample means?"

"Entirely ample, even sufficient to provide for extravagance."

"But your business—the public—the people believe——"

"I have expressed my ideas on the public; my business is distinctly none of their business."

"But they say you're a failure."

"They have got to say something; as well that as anything."

"Then you are not a failure?"

"Success and failure are relative terms; it all depends on what you call failure or success."

"Your law practice——"

"Well, that is both a failure and a success. What there is of it is very satisfying, I might say it is pretty good practice—such as it is."

"You can't live on your income from your law business?"

"I do live on my income, nevertheless."

"Then you inherited money?"

"Not that I ever heard of."

"But you have money?"

"Yes." He was smiling at her mystification.

"But you are a dreamer; you're not practical."

"Are you speaking from conviction or repeating silly gossip?"

"Don't use that tone with me—we're not married yet."

"Say when."

"Honestly, you are too exasperating for any good use; if you are proposing marriage to me how can I marry a man that no one knows anything about, who has no visible means of support, and one who has kept his antecedents closely to himself?"

"A long question, my dear; I am not proposing marriage; there is one important part to that transaction that is as yet missing, or unexpressed. And if I were, you are not asked to marry a pauper, a fugitive from justice or a nobody."

"When is one to know all this?"

"When the proper time comes."

"When it is too late."

"No, when it is proper that you should know. You see, Helen dear, I have always had a desire to be loved for myself alone; that one thing accomplished the rest is an open book. On the other hand, I never did believe that business success, fame or political honors were the correct way to the right kind of woman's esteem, so I have used none of these arguments—perhaps could not—but when the proper time comes you will know—all about me."

"Then you believe that curiosity is a stronger force with a woman than the other things?. I confess you have aroused my curiosity to the highest pitch."

"In that I am sorry; in this whole matter I have tried to keep out every influence except my own personality; if you ever do marry me it will be because you love me, and not some Hercules who is known for his feats of valor or of manly strength."

"On the contrary my first interest in you was admiration of the manly strength that you exerted in my behalf to keep my affairs from being discussed thru your office window."

"I regret that for the same reason."

But the storm had cleared and the automobile began its journey homeward, and conversation drifted onto less personal topics.

IV.

PA AND MA OBJECT—BUT WHAT'S THE USE?

THE Ways had been away for the month of August; they had traveled to their country home, and it was currently reported that Schuyler Colfax was very promiscuous at that country home, but Mark D. Jones stolidly held the fort in Aurora. If he wrote letters to Helen or received any from her, no one knew it but those two.

In September the Ways returned and then Mr. Jones took up his interrupted courtship, just as placidly as tho he had been on the ground the day before, and greatly to the discomfort of the persistant Mr. Colfax who was still backed by the mater to win against the dark horse who had intruded his mysterious nose into the race.

Both of these conspirators, to save Helen from the fate of loving the town failure, worked hard; they tried to defame the interloper; they hired detectives to uncover his past; they were unwearied in piling stumbling blocks in the way of the these two who for personal reasons, which no one could understand, sought each other. What Helen Way could mean by encouraging that failure was more than the nine days wonder in Aurora.

The failure needed no encouragement. It was a perfect moonlight evening, the automobile was traveling at its minimum speed when Jones took one of his hands from the wheel and took possession of one of hers.

"Helen, I love you."

"Mark, I have fought my own self long enough; I love you and you know it as well as I do."

"Then now is the time that you should know, and if the secret of my life is one that you cannot bear with me, well—you have not committed yourself."

Then he told her all. He not only told her, but he had uncontestable proofs with him and he held the flashlight while she read.

She did not read long, but dropping the papers she reached for him of her own accord, and this betrothal was sealed with a kiss, and the car never slackened its speed.

"This is wonderful—oh, so wonderful—and no one has ever suspected!" she exclaimed.

"It will be just as well if you consent that no one knows any more than they do now, until after the wedding."

Then she reversed all precedents by exclaiming:

"Then let that wedding be soon, as I am so proud and happy that I can never hold in. But you promise to tell them at the wedding?"

"Perhaps it will be best to have your father make the announcement; and they both laughed, happily.

Helen lost no time, and the next day the heavens fell at the Way mansion. And while father and mother expostulated, demanded and commanded, they might as well have saved their breath.

"Now, father, and mother, listen; perhaps I have not at all times been exactly humble and obedient; some of my traducers even say that I run this place, but be that as it may, this wedding is to take place on October the fifteenth, either here or elsewhere, and I personally know that you will have less to reproach yourselves for, in every way, if you urge us to have the wedding here,"

She was so perfectly happy, so insistant and sincere, that her parents at last "urged" her to be married from their home. The urging might be defined as a reluctant consent—perhaps just a toleration—and both mamma and papa spent most of the month of September in hating all the citizens of Aurora, who smiled on them at every opportunity.

"The opprobrium!—the disgrace!" wailed Mrs. Way.

"A pauper; a failure!" lamented Mr. Way the banker.

"My beloved parents, don't lament; this won't cost you anything; I have money of my own, and if I see fit to marry a failure or take on a shaggy-maned human to bring up—that is entirely my business."

The wedding was to be October fifteenth, less than thirty days for Mamma Way and Colfax to finish the uncovering—to find something, any thing, that would bring Helen to her senses.

V.

THE BURGLARY DOWN TOWN.

ON OCTOBER 14th four offices in the Reed block were burglarized and Aurora was agitated. "The wedding" to come on the fifteenth and a wholesale burglary on the fourteenth, was more excitement than Aurora was accustomed to. One of the offices burglarized was that of Mark D. Jones.

If one had been a close observer, they would have noticed that three of the victims of the burglary were not at all disturbed, but with Jones it was another matter, and for once the placidity was gone—and the mild blue eyes snapped—and Mark D. Jones was very busy.

In fact, many were impudent enough to connect the burglary of his office with his approaching wedding, for half the town were advised of the activities of Mamma Way and "the lovely Mr. Colfax," and many shared their suspicions; if they did not have personal reasons for wishing to uncover the unknown, they did have a curiosity to see what would be sensation if the whole truth was known.

But the fourteenth passed, the fifteenth came, and the wedding was to take place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and there had been no developments; no news of what was stolen, still no trace of the burglar.

VI.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

THREE o'clock had not struck, but every one in Aurora who could by any possible crook or turn get an invitation, was there. The house, large as it was, was stuffed to capacity.

The occasion was pompous, the bride was beautifully arrayed, and so was the groom. The house was lavishly decorated. Oh, well—if you are interested I leave you to pursue the files of the Evening Argus as to details:

Thru the hush came the solemn voice of the officiating clergyman: "If any man knows aught why this man and this woman should not be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, let him now speak or forever hold his peace."

"I will speak," said the father of the bride. "As hard as this duty is I feel that I must speak. If I could have in any way influenced my daughter, matters would not have gone this far, but I now hold indisputable proof that this man who calls himself Mark D. Jones is an imposter. I have reasons to believe that his real name is Ernest D. Fuller. Further, it is best to say that evidence in my possession leads me and my lawyers to believe that he is a fugitive from justice, and in this belief—I say this marriage should not go on."

The audience was thunderstruck, but the shameless girl and the brazen man were having difficulty to restrain their merriment. What could it mean? Nothing else was to be expected of the man, but was the beautiful Helen Way entirely abandoned? To laugh at such a time—she was insane—that was the only alternative.

"Mr. Way," replied Jones, while the clergyman was plainly entirely lost, standing with his mouth open in consternation, "I am aware of the burglary you personally conducted, with the aid of Mr. Colfax; I am also fully aware of just what plunder you obtained, but you err in your conclusions. My real name, I'm pleased to say, is Mark D. Jones; the name of Ernest D. Fuller I use occasionally. The evidence that your attorney has so carefully considered is a bunch of material that I used at one time in a series of detective stories; I call it my Chamber of Horrors."

Then pandemonium broke loose.

"Ernest D. Fuller, the author."

"Why, every one knows of Ernest D. Fuller! . . . Well, what d'ye know about that!"

"But," said he of the twinkling blue eyes, "if you all will kindly withhold your congratulations until after the ceremony, it will be more fitting."

"Proceed," he continued to the smiling clergyman.

"I take it that all objections are removed," said the divine, looking around.

"Oh, yes, most certainly," fairly yelled Mrs. Banker Way.

They were married, dined, toasted and congratulated, and neither papa or mamma could make any one believe that they knew it all the time.

Coat of Whitewash.

WHITEWASH is of value both as a disinfectant and also because of its color. It acts as a preservative of wooden structures, and if properly prepared is a fire retardent. A dark and gloomy cellar may be made bright and clean by the use of whitewash. Cellar steps, beams and other obstacles should be covered with whitewash, which will serve to call them to attention, thus avoiding accidents.

On small buildings about the lot as well as trees and fence posts, whitewash can be used to advantage as a means of improving their appearance and also to some extent reducing attacks from vermin.

Many householders have difficulty in the fall with their furnaces because the gratebars have rusted. This difficulty may be avoided if when the fire has finally gone out in the spring the bars are cleaned and a peck of lump lime placed thereon. A like amount should be placed in the ash pan. As lime has a greater affinity for the moisture than has iron, rust is prevented by its use.

Hint to Precautious.

TAKE a piece of heavy copper wire eleven inches long and bend it in the shape of a hairpin. Lock the door, leaving the key in the lock, then place the curved angle of the wire over the shank or spindle back of the knob and put the two ends of the wire thru the head of the key. The key cannot be pushed out nor turned.

This is a light device which one can carry in a handbag if so desired and use in hotel rooms when traveling.

Ledger Embroidery Patterns.

(Continued From Page 8.)

tied together on the shoulders with ribbon bows. The butterflies were worked solid in light blue, the solid dots in pink, the flowers in pink, blue and orchid, with green leaves. Or the entire pattern could be worked in one color or white.

K630 and **K631** could also be made of white nainsook or silk.

Note: Perforated stamping patterns with stamping compound and directions for stamping may be had as follows: Hat, K626, 15 cents; bag, K627, 15 cents; collar and cuff, K628, 10 cents; combination, K630, 15 cents; nightgown, K631, 25 cents. Or all 5 patterns for 65 cents. See coupon below.

ORDER BLANK FOR EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

Ledger Embroidery Pattern Dept.,
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State .....

Inclose stamps, money order or coin. Wrap coins carefully.

Keep Pace With Evolution

DARWIN declared that the human race was merely an evolution of the monkey tribe. Some people agree with him. Others do not.

But there is no denying that even within the memory of most of us, there has been considerable of an evolution in the human mode of living. And today, this evolution is buzzing along faster than ever.

There has never been a time when conditions changed so rapidly—when life bettered itself so consistently. New comforts and conveniences are coming in all the time. And the rapidity with which they are invented and put before us vitally affects us all.

To take advantage of these things, you must keep yourself informed. You must know not only what they are, but also how much they cost and where and how to get them.

The only way you can know this is to be a regular reader of the advertisements.

Advertisements tell of all that the world is doing to make you more comfortable, your work easier, your methods better, your clothing and food problems less irksome. They tell you how you can save time—and effort—and money in the selection of the things that make life worth while.

Advertisements are interesting, instructive and highly profitable to you.

Keep in touch with modern evolution by reading the advertisements.

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

COME, dear people. You are all invited to my reception today. You do not have to leave your homes to attend, either. Just finish up your tasks, select your favorite easy-chair and take your paper into your hands.

Do you know what I am going to serve? But, of course, you could guess. Sandwiches.

Have you ever wondered who invented sandwiches? It was the Earl of Sandwich. He enjoyed playing cards so much that he was never willing to get up from his entrancing card table, even to go to meals. Of course he hated having knives and forks and various viands brought to his card table; one day he devised a way in which he could have bread and butter and meats, fish, cheese, green vegetables, and yet not have to bother with the large, messy dishes of food and the retinue of implements that go with it. The way he devised was having the bread buttered in the kitchens, turning the buttered sides toward each other, and having a piece of meat, or fish, or cheese, or whatever else he desired placed between the slices of bread. When the meal was served to him in this way, he could pick up his dinner and make way with it without even stopping his game or soiling his hands.

There! I thought you would like to know that before I served my sandwiches. Here comes the tea. Won't you each have a cup? And there on the tray you will find slices of lemon to flavor your tea with. Or if you prefer cream and sugar, you will find them there also. And here come the sandwiches.

You like those little heart-shaped ones? I got the shapes by cutting or punching each slice with a heart-shaped cookie cutter. I used the leaf lettuce for these sandwiches because the head lettuce was too bulky. And you like the filling?

Certainly, I'll tell you how I made it. I cut the meat off of green olives and ground it fine in the meat grinder. Then I ground the same amount of walnuts. I mixed the two together thoroly. Then I added just enough mayonnaise to make the mixture stick together. I spread this thinly between the buttered slices of bread, also inserting the heart-shaped piece of lettuce. I cut all the lettuce hearts in one operation, first piling the leaves neatly and cutting the whole stack with the cutter.

But won't you try the diamond-shaped ones! I am very proud of them. I used the pale salmon-pink boiled ham and ground it fine with celery, little sweet gherkins or pickles and hard-boiled eggs. I moistened it with mayonnaise salad dressing also.

But you want to know about the moonshaped ones, you say? Why you cannot imagine how simple they were to make! They are filled with nothing but a mixture of finely chopped eggs and mayonnaise. And of course the usual lettuce leaf. There are some triangular-shaped ones there, too, that are filled with just the midget herring creamed up into a paste with mayonnaise.

How do I get the sandwiches to stick

(Continued on Page 11.)

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Orange Juice
Cornflakes and Cream
Omelet au Gratin
Toast Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Ham Appetizers
Lamb Chops French Fried Potatoes
Rice Pudding

SUPPER.

Vegetable Salad
Bread and Butter.
Snow Pudding

Omelet au Gratin.

One teaspoon cornstarch, one-half cup milk, four eggs, one-half cup grated cheese. Seoson to taste. Cook the omelet, sprinkle on the cheese, fold and serve.

Snow Pudding.

Half a box of gelatine dissolved in one pint of boiling water. Add two cupfuls of sugar and the juice of two lemons; strain and put into a cool place until it begins to stiffen, then add the whites of two eggs, well beaten. When perfectly mixed, put into a mold; make a soft custard of the yolks of the two eggs, one pint of milk, and sugar and salt to taste; pour around the pudding when served.

Ham Appetizer.

Make minced ham or tongue into paste with creamed butter and mustard, and garnished with minced olives. Spread on buttered toast.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

BANANAS ALL THE YEAR

BANANAS may not be liked by some persons, but certainly most of us find them delicious. And they are one of the best friends of the housekeeper. She can keep them always on hand, they are usually not expensive, and they have high food value. Moreover, they may be made into delicious dishes for all meals.

Here are some ways of preparing them:

BANANAS FRIED IN CRUMBS.

Remove skin from six bananas, cut in halves lengthwise and crosswise. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and lemon juice, dip in flour, egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper. Serve with or without lemon sauce.

BANANA BLANC-MANGE.

Heat a quart of milk in a double boiler with one-fourth cupful of sugar and thicken with four tablespoonfuls of corn starch rubbed smooth with a little cold milk. When partially cool, add two sliced bananas and a tablespoonful of vanilla. Mould, chill, and serve with whipped cream or boiled custard.

BACON AND BANANAS.

Chill and broil slices of bacon, then transfer to a hot platter. Have ready two or three large ripe bananas peeled and cut into rather thick rounds. Drain off nearly all the bacon grease, return the frying pan to the fire and turn the bananas into it. Sprinkle lightly with sugar and brown the slices on both sides. Heap the bacon in the center of the platter and arrange the border of the bananas around it. Serve very hot.

BANANAS IN A CASSEROLE.

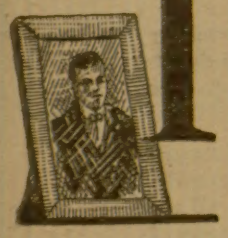
Peel five or six bananas; scrape off the coarse threads and cut the bananas in halves, lengthwise, and the pieces in halves, crosswise. Put these into a casserole. Melt a small glass of current jelly in a cup of boiling water and pour over the bananas; then squeeze over them the juice of half a lemon; cover the dish, and let cook in a moderate oven about half an hour.

BAKED BANANAS.

Arrange bananas in a shallow pan, cover and bake until skins become very dark in color. Remove from skins, and serve hot sprinkled with sugar.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

THE PLACE FOR PHOTOGRAPHS



IN EVERY office there is the stenographer who has or would like to have the picture of the young man she most admires attached to her desk so that she can gaze on it all thru her working hours. Sometimes it is a theatrical or moving-picture star, sometimes the man to whom she is engaged.

It is not very surprising if some employers object to this bit of sentimentality. To be sure if you have your own private office you may have a picture of a friend or relative set on your desk where you can see it or hung on your wall where your callers may also observe it. However, there are some business people who feel that a business office is no place for the display of such personal things as photographs of those who are near and dear.

Surely no young man with considerate feeling or good sense would display the picture of a young woman acquaintance on his desk or in his office, unless possibly they were shortly to be married and their engagement had been announced.

Some persons draw a rather fine line in regard to the part of their house where they display photographs. A photograph is out of place hung on the wall of a formal dining-room or reception-room. A single beautiful picture well framed in keeping with the rest of the decoration, might be an exception.

The idea is that a photograph is a very personal, intimate thing—not something to be beheld by every caller in your house. If a friend gives you a picture she probably intends it only for your eyes or the eyes of those who know her. She might not have given it if she felt that it could be looked at and commented on by every one who enters your reception-room.

Always regard a photograph as something that you must guard with the same sort of solicitude as you would a personal letter. Don't sublet your house furnished and leave photographs of your friends hanging on the wall. If you have gone thru the trying experience of having broken off an engagement or a sentimental friendship with some one, don't fail to return or destroy all photographs that were given to you while the friendship lasted. Never give away a photograph that a friend has given you without asking the permission of the one who gave it to you.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

FLORENCE

FLORENCE, signifying flourishing, can scarcely be separated from its quaint diminutive Flora, meaning flowers. Flora in mythological legend was the goddess of the flowers and the festivals of Flora or Floralia were celebrated in the first burst of spring. In later times, the name of Florus fas formed from that of the goddess and is memorable as that of the procurator whose harshness drove the Jews to their last rebellion. It is believed that the feminine Flora came from this.

There is a church at Florence to Saints Fiore and Lucilla, but otherwise the first instance of the name is in Rocan-Gothic Spain, where the unhappy daughter of Count Julian was called by the Spanish diminutive Florinda, and thus caused the name to be so much detested that while Spanish ballads call her La Cava, the wicked, her Christian name was only bestowed on dogs.

A Spanish maiden martyred by the Moors brought Flora into better repute. It became Flore in France, where it was adopted as a romantic epithet, and from there it found its way into Scotland. In the Gaelic it is spelled Florie, as the island heroine of the '45 wrote herself. Florentia was a natural product and named a feminine saint martyred in Diocletian's reign in Gaul.

The prevalence of the name Florence in England seems to have been due to so many English girls being born in the Italian city of that name. Deeper and dearer honor has been given to it by Florence Nightingale. Many fictional heroines have borne the name and its derivatives. Blanchefleur, meaning white flour, is one of its forms, and was bestowed on Sir Trystan's mother. Versions particularly romantic are found with Ariesto's two heroines Fiordespina (thorn flower), and Fiordilizi (fleur de lis).

Florence, or Flora, used by the Irish peasantry, becomes Finghan, or Fincen. Florrie and Flossie, and perhaps even Lora, are purely American diminutives.

The carnelian is Florence's talismanic gem. Its warm, bright color is said to dispel timidity and give courage, vitality and animation. It likewise brings good luck to the bearer of the name. To dream of it, however, signifies impending misfortune. Florence's lucky day is Saturday and 1 is considered her lucky number.

Next Week: NORA. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 8 and 28

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

(Continued From Page 4)

He nodded to his wife as he stepped back into the car. "Excuse me to Mr. Clinton, my dear. I shall return in time for dinner."

Mrs. Kirkland smiled at her guest as the car glided away. "The time of a specialist is little more his own than that of an old-fashioned family doctor," she said. "My husband is an alienist." She turned to the housemaid. "Is Miss Ellen at home?"

"Yes, ma'am. She came back half an hour ago."

"Tell cook Mr. Clinton is to dine with us."

The little maid flitted up the lawn and into the house. Mrs. Kirkland and the guest sauntered after her. The west fronting of the porch afforded an across-town view of the snowy range, now haloed with a magnificent sunset. The traveler paused in the porch, midway between the steps and the door.

"What a view!" he exclaimed.

"You enjoy it?" the lady was quick to catch him up. "Then, if I may ask you to excuse me for a few moments, I shall leave you out here in the porch."

He sprang to open the screen door for her. But the moment she had gone inside he went across to the porch wall and stood gazing at the sunset, forgetful of all else than the gold and scarlet and red that streamed up thru the fleecy clouds above the indigo mountains and white peaks into the azure sky.

Around the corner of the house strolled a tall, fair-haired girl, carrying in one hand a novel and in the other a fan. The fiery splendor of the sunset caught her gaze and held it while she passed the corner and mounted the end steps of the porch. She did not perceive the guest until one of the many easy-chairs scattered about the porch caused her to glance around.

At first sight of the unconscious traveler she straightened with an impulse of maidenly reserve. This was instantly succeeded by amazement as her eyes rested on the man's strong profile. She stopped, transfixed, gazing at the traveler as if dazed. She had the look of one unable to believe some great good fortune.

But her incredulous bewilderment was only momentary in duration. Suddenly her gray eyes shone with soft radiance; her whole face lighted with joy; a rosy blush swept down from her forehead over her pink cheeks. The reserve of her manner melted before a wave of tender emotion. She glided forward.

THE traveler was so absorbed in his enjoyment of the view that he failed to heed the girl's light tread on the cement floor of the porch. She was almost within arm's length of him when her joyful eagerness forced from her half-parted lips a breathless little cry: "Will! dear!"

The young man faced about with a start, and stared at the girl in blank surprise. He saw a beautiful, blushing face, a pair of gray eyes aglow with love, a shapely mouth curved in a tender smile. As his hand went automatically to his cap she half raised her arms as if she expected him to embrace her.

"Dear Will!" she repeated.

He hurriedly gave back a step. "I—I beg your pardon. Clinton is my name—Richard Clinton."

"O-a-ah!" she exclaimed, shrinking back in turn, perplexed and alarmed at his strange behavior. "What—how—the way you look at me! Can it be possible that your loss of memory——" She clasped her hands to her bosom. "But it can't be! It can't! You never could forget me, never! Say it! Say you haven't—haven't forgotten me, Will!"

"But I—don't understand. It's some mistake. A case of——"

"It is, of course it is!" she broke in. "You admit it. Your poor dear head was at first confused. But now—now you remember me!"

"I am very sorry to disappoint you," he replied. "But I cannot permit you to deceive yourself. I do not remember you. I can only conjecture that you may be Miss Kirkland."

"Then you do remember, you do!" she cried.

"No," he insisted. "It is only that you are here, and so I——"

"You, too, are here!"

"Because your father and mother made this same mistake. I am not Mr. Lowrie. I am——"

"Don't, Will!" she begged. "Please, please don't say it! That you should have forgotten your own name—it's not possible, not——" She stopped to stare at him, terrified by a sudden thought—"O-oh! if it is that! Oh, dear!—papa told me of cases!"

"Miss Kirkland, if I may——"

"That!" she gasped. "Oh! oh!—you did not write, and the sanitarium superintendent pretended it was because you needed absolute rest. . . . But for him to write that you were improving when this—this dreadful——"

A sob choked her. She drooped with grief, her fine eyes brimming over with tears. He looked down at her, half embarrassed, wholly compassionate.

"I'm extremely sorry—such an awkward mistake," he said. "But if your—if M. Lowrie is sick and I am well——"

"That is the worst of it!" she complained. "You are well. I have never seen you look so strong, so fine. How can you seem so well when your poor head— But it can't be, dear! It must be a joke, only a joke! You are trying to tease me, that is all!"

She had come close to him, her eyes bright with hope. They were in a secluded corner of the porch. There were no houses across the street and no one was passing. She reached up her hands and clasped them on his shoulders while her eyes gazed up into his, full of loving expectancy.

His face, already embarrassed, flushed crimson. He drew her quivering hands down from his shoulders with gentle force and stepped away.

"I—er—I regret very much, but I cannot allow you—" he half stammered. "This resemblance—it must be most unusual. But my name is Richard Clinton. I'm not your—not the gentleman who has had the rare good fortune——"

"Not Will!" she gasped. "You say it again—you insist you're not yourself!"

"No, no! On the contrary I—it is just that I am myself, not this Mr. Lowrie. I have convinced your parents of the fact."

"You have? You've convinced papa and mamma?" cried the girl, again shrinking away from him. "Convinced them that you are not you—not Will! . . . But it can't be; it's impossible!"

"Miss Kirkland!" he begged. "Calm yourself. This—it is most unfortunate. Had you first seen your mother—had she explained to you—prepared you."

"Explained? Prepared?"

"That you might have looked first for the differences between myself and your friend. I understand that he did not wear a mustache."

"You have had all this time in which to grow it," she replied, with a quick little laugh.

"You refuse to believe me?"

"I believe you are yourself, Will. I see it."

"But my voice?" he queried. "It must be different from his."

"Of course, it is different from what it was when you left. No wonder, when you went away so ill. You should not have held on so long before leaving. Papa says you had been on the verge of nervous prostration for months. No wonder your voice is so much clearer and stronger. Besides, you've been with English people, haven't you?"

"I was in England last year."

"Last year?" she echoed. But in a moment her perplexity cleared. "Oh, I remember. Papa says that many persons who have trouble with their memory mistake the time when occurrences have happened to them."

"But I must insist, Miss Kirkland, that I—" He glanced past her and smiled with relief. "Here is your mother."

The girl darted along the porch to clasp her mother's arm. "Mamma!" she appealed. "What is it? Tell me! Will insists he is not—not himself. It—it frightens me!"

"My dear," soothed Mrs. Kirkland, "there is no reason, none whatever. Had you been in your room—" She smiled at the guest. "You will understand, Mr. Clinton, the resemblance being so absurdly close. The child is excited—not quite herself. So great a shock. If you will kindly excuse us a few minutes."

"I am very sorry," he said. "Perhaps it would be better if I should go."

"Oh! no, no! Do not go!" hysterically cried the girl.

"Hush, dear," reproved her mother. "Mr. Clinton is not going. He is to stay and dine with us."

"If you really wish it," he assented.

"Then you'll not go?" exclaimed the girl.

"Of course not, Ellen," said her mother. "Come in with me."

CHAPTER III.

BONDS.

LEFT alone on the porch the guest again faced the sunset. But the dazzling glories of red and gold were already fading into the gray of twilight. He looked absently at the blackened bulk of the mountains, his expression shifting between annoyance and amusement, curiosity and apprehension.

"What a situation!" he chuckled. "First all of them at the station, and then. . . . She actually would have . . . Good thing I have no doubts of myself. If I had admitted—" He chuckled again at the thought, but again became serious and a trifle sad.

He was still evidently considering the situation when a small touring car came whirring along the street in the clear twilight. It stopped before the house and Doctor Kirkland sprang out with a briskness unusual in a gentleman of his portly figure. He came up to the porch, his alert gaze on the lone guest.

"What's this?" he demanded. "Don't mean to say you've been left all this time to entertain yourself?"

"Not all the time," smilingly replied the guest. "On the contrary Miss Kirkland and I—" His look became grave. "Much to my regret Miss Kirkland made the same mistake as Mrs. Kirkland and yourself."

"Naturally. But if her mother——"

"She had gone in when Miss Kirkland came around the house. I regret that my insistence on my identity rather overcame her."

"Not surprising, when she is engaged to you, is it?"

"Engaged to me! You mean of course——"

"To your double, to Will Lowrie," explained the physician. "Do you need further proof that you are his double?"

"No more. She was still quite positive, I fear, after all my attempts to convince her of the mistake. However, Mrs. Kirkland came, and no doubt has explained the mistake to her."

"Very likely," agreed the physician.

"I would have gone had they not very kindly insisted that I must remain."

"You must."

"It is very hospitable of you to insist. Still I do not wish to cause your daughter the slightest distress."

"Nothing would distress her more than"—the physician considered the point—"than to have you refuse our hospitality."

"That being so I am very glad to stay. I've been recalling the fact that men even of national prominence have doubles who are mistaken for them. My resemblance to Mr. Lowrie is not—so strong as I at first thought."

(Continued on Page 22.)

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 10.)

together so nicely? Thank you. You are most gracious in your commendations. Well, the secret is this. I slice the bread quite thin, but not too thin. A trifle thinner than a quarter of an inch is the thickness I aim at. Thus, they are not clumsy nor do they break in one's hands. And then the fact that I use one thin little piece of leaf lettuce helps. And I am careful not to make the fillings moist enough to drip around the edges.

Do come again and I'll change the sandwiches completely next time.

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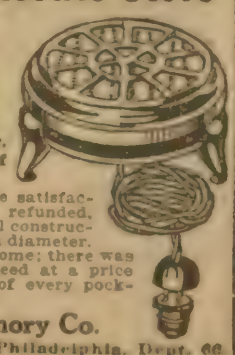

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A COMEDY OF ERRORS

By Alvah Milton Kerr

"I Just Hate Him!" Exclaimed Nannie.

IT IS not the province of this narrative in any sense to exploit the conduct of the Nugent twins as warriors; but now that they have at last returned as corporals from the European conflict, the extraordinary situation that prompted their early enlistment has again become a matter of comment in their home region. To most of the denizens of Bragger Bend and its environs the affair wore the aspect of comedy, but to Newton and Nathan Nugent it wore, as it were, the spiked shoes of tragedy. It being admittedly normal to smile at one who falls, either from a slip-up on the path of love or a slip-down on ice, the denizens of Bragger Bend, of course, are not justly open to criticism.

The written record perhaps should begin with the fact that the handsome Nugent boys chose the same mother and the same hour for entry into life. Because of that they looked extraordinarily alike, so alike, in truth, that divers curious experiences, both grave and gay, were had by them from childhood up by reason of the one being mistaken for the other. But that which precipitated the mimic conflict and later sent the Nugent twins into the mightier struggle, began with the coming of Nannie Nichols to the Nugent neighborhood.

The event was met, as one might say, upon its very threshold by Newton Nugent. Upon a day of sunny skies, but when the planets were doubtless not in fair conjunction, he chanced to be driving the family auto along the highway that ranges, with many a twist, from Ripple Ford to Bragger Bend, when to his surprise he began to find household articles lying here and there in the road. The first obstruction proved to be two kitchen chairs tied together; placing these in his big open car, he proceeded—encountering next a rocking-chair, which he retrieved. Going forward, he came successively to a roll of rugs, two sofa pillows, a hassock and a small onyx-topped stand; then farther on, a bandbox, a ukelele, a suitcase and a bag of laundry. These decorated the highway thruout the larger part of two miles. Newton paused long enough when he found the ukelele to strum the first bars of an Hawaiian melody, and to sing one stanza of a most senseless but tuneful love song.

"Well," he grinned, "taking three swift guesses as a started, it's my opinion there is a girl in the family! Button, button, who's got the button? I'll drive on and see."

Proceeding, Newton deposited upon the mounting heap in the auto, from point to point, an oil-mop, a vacuum cleaner, a trunk, a bundle of brooms, a disorganized sewing machine, a phonograph, with, alas, a corner of the mahogany case cruelly smashed.

"Well," he commented, "if I were superstitious and believed in signs and wonders, I'd consider that matrimony was being divinely arranged for me!"

But for the fact that he had been delayed by numerous stops to load the garnered objects, he soon would have come up with the source of the mysterious distribution of household effects. As it was, at the end of some three miles he perceived a big moving van a half-mile in front of him, from the open rear doors of which now and again objects spattered upon the highway. However, he did not reach the disgorging vehicle until after it had drawn up in front of a spacious house upon the outskirts of Bragger Bend. Then he began to be highly entertained.

He saw that there were two moving vans, and that the first to arrive was being unloaded by three stalwart, perspiring men, the contents of the van being lugged thru a gate in a low hedge and across a broad porch into the house. He also saw upon the porch a coatless and hatless man, ruddy, fat and gray, who guided the stream of objects into the house. This was Widower Nichols, one-time prosperous merchant in Ripple Ford, who with his daughter was now taking domicile in the larger town of Bragger Bend.

Newton also saw a thin, grayish man climbing down from the hooded seat of the second van, and that he cupped a hand about each ear in an effort to hear when the fat man upon the porch yelled to him. The handsome twin then understood; the hood about the driver's seat had made vision of the road in the rear troublesome, and the driver's hearing was impaired.

But these explanatory discoveries instantly passed from Newton's mind when a young girl came out the door of the house. She had an auto-veil tied about her head, the skirt of her gown pinned back, and her sleeves rolled up. Nevertheless, Newton thought her the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Instinctively he readjusted his cap, necktie and coat collar.

"Dad," cried the girl in high-pitched, silvery testiness, "where was my suitcase put? I want some—" Then she looked toward the street. "Why, Dad, I didn't know you hired an auto extra to help bring the things!" she exclaimed. Flushing slightly at sight of the comely young driver of the auto, she quickly unpinned her skirt, pushed down her sleeves, took the enswathing veil from her pretty head and fluffed up her golden hair.

The fat gray man looked toward the street. His damp forehead corrugated with perplexity. "Well, by George, I don't—" he began, but stopped in sheer astonishment.

Newton Nugent jumped from the machine and came thru the gate, his cap in his hand, the sun glistening on his shining pompadour of hair.

"Beg pardon, but I guess I've got a load of your things," he said. "I picked them up from the road between here and the Ford. The doors of the second van broke open somehow and they spilled along the way. The phonograph and sewing machine are some battered. Sorry." He looked at the pretty girl admiringly.

"Well, by George!" exploded the fat gentleman, and bounced out thru the gate to the vans, where loud language embroidered with unholy epithets ensued.

THE girl reddened beautifully, fidgeted and seemingly increased in girth, then dropped upon a sofa that stood diagonally across the porch and burst into screams of laughter. Newton also laughed, but more decorously. He took a card from his pocket and waited. Presently the young lady dried her big wet eyes and with a supreme effort checked her risibles. She stood up and steadied herself, nipping her red nether lip between her white teeth. Newton handed her his card. She glanced at it.

"I am Nannie Nichols," she said in return, and bowed. "We are moving in—here. Father asked Uncle Jed to drive the second van so we would have three men on the first van to begin unloading at once. And Uncle Jed is awfully deaf—and father belongs to the church—and oh, isn't it shocking the way he swears!" She struggled to keep from laughing, but burst out afresh.

"I guess moving is pretty trying, anyhow," grinned Newton, "and of course when things are broken, it's worse. I'll go out and help them unload. Excuse me."

That was how it transpired that Newton Nugent helped the Nichols family to move to Bragger Bend, and how he secured a most favorable position in the regard of Norman Nichols and his daughter before they or Nathan Nugent were aware of one another's existence.

When Newton was leaving, Mr. Nichols shook his hand with undisguised emotion. "By George, but we appreciate your kindness, my boy!" he said. "Do you live about here?"

"Six or eight blocks away, over across the railway tracks, not far from the river. My mother—sometime you must meet her. When you are settled, I'd like to come up and see you—sometime." His eyes involuntarily flickered in the direction of Nannie.

"Of course—yes, indeed, you must come and see us! Be tickled to see you any time!" exclaimed the fat gentleman.

Then Miss Nannie came forward, her right hand extended, her left hidden behind her, for upon its third finger gleamed an engagement ring, and somehow she half wished that it were not there. Barton Bliss, a young lawyer of Ripple Ford, had placed it upon her finger, and—but the smiling youth before her did have such a handsome figure, such white teeth, such a distinguished nose and such a lovely pompadour! The young gentleman at whom she was sparkling her eyes had, with a regretful pang, remarked the telltale bit of glittering carbon upon her finger, with an inner resolve that, if he honorably could, he was going to cause the removal of that contractual gem.

WHEN Newton had gone down the street a little way in the car, he looked back. The girl was standing upon the porch following him with her eyes, and he ventured to blow her a smile and a kiss from his palm. She clasped her hands together over her breast, laughed, jumped up and down as in ecstacy and turned and darted into the house. That was why Newton Nugent

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went back the next day and helped them settle the things in the house.

When he turned in at the garage entrance at the Nugent home, on River street, he noted with indifference that his brother Nathan was playing tennis with Miss Susie Swank in the court near by, and that Miss Lulu Lamb, to whose smile his pulses had stirred rather feverishly of late, was sitting on the sideline awaiting his coming. Now Newton went whistling up to his room forgetfully. He looked at himself in a mirror appraisingly, brushing his pompadour with a final air of confidence and satisfaction. He felt himself fit for conquest.

His mother, who affected a Martha Washington aspect, came to the open door. "Nathan—no, Newton," she began doubtingly, then catching a clear view of a mole behind the right ear of this son, a distinguishing mark which Nathan did not possess, she went on directly: "Lulu Lamb is down at the nets, I think. You don't wish to be rude?"

Newton glanced thru the window. "Oh, yes; I forgot," he said. "I'll go down in a minute." And he began brushing his hair and whistling absently again.

When presently he sauntered into the tennis court, the astonishing similarity of the two young men explained why people were forever craftily maneuvering for a view of the region back of the right ear of one or the other of them. Even their mother, as we have seen, was sometimes in doubt.

This puzzling likeness might have been easily overcome, in part at least, by one of them parting his hair in the center and combing it down on either side of his forehead; also dissimilarity might have been achieved by a distinctive difference of apparel. But each conceived himself of more distinguished appearance with pompadoured locks; and as for costume, had not the amiable nonsense of always dressing twins alike from babyhood up fixed that habit in their very plexus centers?

In the present hour some embarrassment arose, to be sure, but from a different cause: Newton wielded the racket so absent-mindedly that he missed frequently and twice fell down. Nathan and Susie laughed heartlessly, but Lulu gave the blundering youth sweet and open sympathy. Finally Newton withdrew in an apparent huff, but secreted himself in a shady nook down the river, where he lighted one cigarette after another, mingling in revery enrapturing pictures of Nannie Nichols' rose-leaf face, and hatred of the man who had placed the ring upon her finger.

As a result, by the end of three weeks the ring had disappeared from Nannie's hand thru the wizardry of Newton's love-making, and had gone back to Barton Bliss. That estimable young man did not receive the mortal thrust amiably, but came to Bragger Bend three times and compelled Nannie to turn the dagger in his wound, which she did. But the very plumb vertebrae of Barton Bliss only stiffened; his strong hands and firm jaw seemed only to indicate a closer grip of purpose. He told Nannie he would not give her up, but would stand aside, since she wished it, but that he would keep his eyes upon her and, figuratively, his arms open in case she needed him, which he believed she would. As proof of this high purpose he moved his law affice to Bragger Bend. Oddly enough, this did not annoy Nannie, but rather pleased and touched her.

To Newton Nugent its appeal was neither pleasing nor touching. He said it looked like "boneheaded mulishness." However, his self-confidence did not weaken; he was too handsome for that. His real test came from an entirely different source—his twin brother.

NEWTON'S campaign under Eros, so far as it concerned his mother and brother, had been clothed in secrecy. His mind was encumbered; that his mother saw; at times he was loudly active, then again he brooded silently; but both states were plainly ecstatic. Familiars of the twins had sometimes called them Natty and Nutty instead of Nathan and Newton, but this had offended their dignity and had occasioned anger. Now Nathan himself constantly addressed his brother by the offensive title without awakening special reaction. Newton swung in an orbit above all mental littleness.

But presently something happened, a most alarming thing. One afternoon when Nannie went horseback riding, garbed in a most fetching equestrian habit, Nathan Nugent also went out in the saddle; and when cantering indolently westward along River street in the direction of the open fields, he saw the dainty daughter of Norman Nichols approaching. With her tan habit and jaunty bearing, she impressed Nathan while yet at some distance; and when her face had become more clearly visible, he felt himself swept with a delightful tremor

When the girl was a half-block away, she smiled suddenly and lifted her gauntleted hand in what was both a salute and a sort of winsome, endearing gesture. Nathan was astonished, but quickly doffed his cap and returned the smile. At that instant an auto burst into the main thorofare from a hillside street, and had not Nannie's mount reared wildly, would have swept the beast's front legs from under it. For a moment she was almost above the car, catching a glimpse of a woman's paling face as it flashed past below her; then her horse pivoted on its rear hoofs and ran in terror. A single scream from the girl's lips, then she was sawing the bit and fighting to stop the horse's rushing flight.

Nathan's face lost color, and he gave his mount both crop and spur. They went down the long shady street like the wind, Nathan unconsciously whispering mingled profanity and prayer. Under the galling rowel his horse gradually drew up to the flank of the runaway, but for a little it seemed as if he could not get nearer. If he could but get his hand on the bridle of the girl's horse! The girl was slightly awry in the saddle; her hat was gone and her hair loose and blowing, but she was sawing furiously on the bit.

"Check him a little, if possible, so I can get to his nose!" shouted Nathan.

In response the girl threw herself back on the rein in a supreme effort—and the bit parted in the horse's mouth. She all but left the saddle in the backward recoil; one foot slipped from its stirrup, and she was thrown farther off balance; but she dropped the useless rein and clutched fast both mane and saddle. Her face was dead white, but not whiter than the face of the pursuer. With the bursting of the bit, the head of the runaway went down and outward—its ears lay flatter; its red nostrils widened; but the mad wrench that broke the bit had for an instant faintly checked the brute's speed, and the two horses were now racing neck and neck.

Nannie heard a joggled, gasping voice come thru the noise of pounding hoofs and rushing wind. "Let all holds go and jump when I say the word; I'm going to try to pick you from the horse!" the voice cried.

Nathan had seen heroes accomplish the feat in moving pictures. If men could do it there, why not he? Here lies the virtue of the speeding reel—it stimulates. Are not all men and women braver for the brave things witnessed there?

The horses were running swift and straight, extended to the ultimate. They had reached the edge of the fields; a hundred yards away the road broke in a sharp turn. Nathan was close at the girl's side. He dropped the rein and gripped the front of his saddle with his left hand and threw his right arm about the girl. "Let go!" he yelled, and she came into his arms with a shock that sent both himself and his horse reeling. For a moment man and maid struggled to keep from being thrown; then the shaken horse ran into a hedge at the turn of the road and stopped. Nannie buried her white face in Nathan's bosom and shuddered and sobbed. He permitted it, pleasurably amazed.

"Are you hurt?" he stammered, laboring for breath .

"No, dear, I am not hurt," she wept. "But I'm scared stiff!"

"Yes, naturally," he agreed. "So am I." He looked about him with open mouth, trying to collect his scattered wits.

She lifted her big eyes to his face. "You know, Newton, it is just wonderful—the—the way you have saved me! I'll never—never forget it!" she sobbed.

NATHAN, tho shaken and panting, blew a little whistle of astonishment and understanding. "Oh, well, you know I—of course—naturally I—anyhow, I guess we'd better dismount," he stammered, moving to let her down to the ground from the trembling horse.

"No, dear, let me lie here a little longer while I cry!" she moaned, clinging to him. Nathan blew a great breath and held her close. Her horse galloped a little way down the road, and finding that it was alone and that no one cared where it went, stopped and turned back, trotting past Nathan and the girl on its way home.

"That—that fiery steed of yours has turned back and is making for town," laughed Nathan. "I could have stopped it as it went by, but the bridle bit is broken, and no one could guide it, anyhow."

The girl did not open her eyes or lift her head from Nathan's shoulder. "Oh, he'll go home," she murmured. "He's Dad's horse. Sometimes when Dad's away for the afternoon, I take Jam—that's his name—and go riding. My pony is such a poke! The other day I went out on Jam, and he shied at a newspaper in the road and threw me. Then he went home. When I got there, he was standing by the gate asleep. Oh, but I told you about that yesterday!"

"Er—um—yes, so you did," assented Nathan uneasily. "You feel weak?"

"Yes, I feel weak," she said dreamily.

Nathan turned the panting horse toward town, a delicious warmth in his blood and his faculties awash in wonder. He saw the girl's mount walking serenely forward some three blocks ahead of them. "Lucky me! I'll just follow that bay devil, and he'll take me to her home!" was his mental comment. Beyond the disreputable Jam he saw an auto approaching.

"If you will pardon me—there's some one coming. I'll just let you down to the ground and dismount, then put you back on the horse," he said.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she sighed. "I was so comfortable."

When the change had been effected, he walked along beside the horse. "I'll keep an eye out for your hat," he remarked. "It fell somewhere along here."

Nannie did not reply. She was gazing toward the approaching auto. Suddenly she straightened, pushed back her tousled hair and looked steadily upward and outward before her. "It's Barton Bliss!" she half whispered.

Nathan glanced about inquiringly, then at a point in the western sky where the girl was gazing. "What sort of bliss is she talking about? Oh, it must be the chap in the auto!" he thought.

The "chap in the auto," of open-faced, resolute aspect, had looked curiously at Nannie's plodding horse as he passed it. Now he made a movement as if to stop his car, but noting the girl's sky-fixed gaze, he refrained. But he did, figuratively, bore holes thru Nathan with his eyes as he swept by.

Nannie's gaze came down from the sky. "I just hate him!" she said.

"Of course—naturally—most any one would," assented Nathan sympathetically.

"Yes, I just hate him, and I don't care if he does watch me—I love you anyhow!" She put down her pretty hand to Nathan, and he kissed it with a great thrill as he walked beside the horse. However, he kept his eye upon the unregenerate nag ahead of them, and went forward easily as if he were long familiar with the way to Nannie's home.

Arriving there, he stabled the annoying Jam, noting that the garage near by was empty. He heard some one in the kitchen and caught a glimpse of a white-capped mulatto girl at a window. The flower-faced Nannie asked him warmly to enter the house, but he demurred, not knowing whom or what he would encounter there.

"I thank you so much," he said, "but I've—I've got several things to attend to I guess I'd best run along."

She drew him behind some shrubbery at the end of the porch and nestled for a moment in his arms. "You are so brave and noble, Newton, I just worship you!" she said.

"Er—um—not at all—you mustn't do that—I'm not worthy, you know!" He stumbled over the words and reluctantly disengaged himself. "I must go now."

"Oh, but you are worthy! You know you are!" she declared poutingly. "Well, be sure and come tomorrow afternoon or in the evening."

"Thank you; trust me for that," he said, and leaped over the low hedge and upon his horse and rode away at a gallop, his cheeks flaming red.

THAT evening at dinner he was not so jolly as his wont and kept glancing at Newton oddly; also he did not once address his twin brother as "Nutty." After dinner that enamored youth sat for hours in a vine-wound arbor at the rear of the house and strummed a ukelele and sang love-songs, while Nathan went down to the river and sat for a long time poring on its moonlit flood. The next day he suddenly said to his mother, when Newton had slipped away to a mysterious tryst:

"Say, mother, I met the daughter of some swell folks yesterday that live in the Frazier house, over on Elm street; father and daughter they are, and rich—moved here from Ripple Ford three or four weeks ago, I guess. They are fine people. The daughter—well, she would make a swell movie star; and the father is—well, a retired gentleman. I expect they feel strange and lonesome here. Hadn't you ought to go round there in your electric and call—sort of make 'em more welcome? Their name is Nichols."

"Probably I should," assented Mrs. Nugent.

"Yes, mother, do! And say, mother, why not sort of bring the daughter out? Give a little party here at our house, and Newton or I can bring the girl down and see that she has a good time and gets acquainted with the push, you know."

"Well, yes, probably I will. It would be a kind thing to do, of course."

It was in the hour of this verbal exchange that Newton entered the porch of the Nichols house and found Nannie curled up asleep in a luxurious porch swing. He laid a flower upon her red lips, and she awoke with a frightened sputter of breath, but greeted him with undisguised joy. The debonair twin seated himself beside her.

"Newton," said the girl, "I've been thinking so much about what you did yesterday. It was awfully gallant and brave the way you overtook my runaway horse and saved my life. I could hardly sleep last night for thinking about it. It was wonderful what you did. I'll never forget it!"

Newton gazed at her blankly for a few moments, then rose to his feet and looked away. He was visibly affected. "Nathan was out riding on Blue Streak yesterday; he must have saved her life, confound him!" he thought.

Nannie reached up and caught his hand. "You are so modest and so unselfish, Newton, you make me almost

(Continued on Page 20.)

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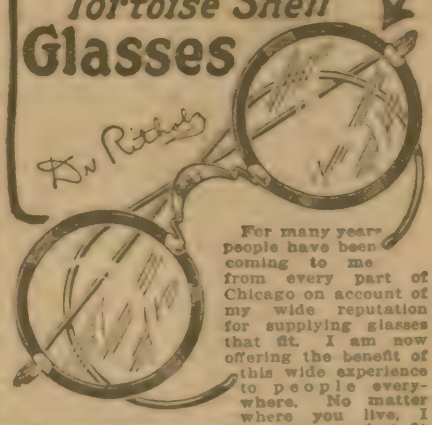

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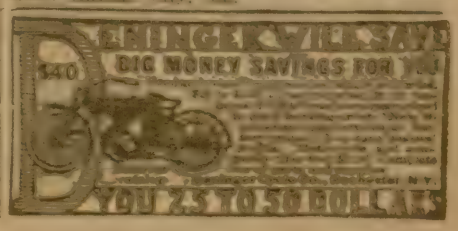


DISCOVERED

"JOHN," asked father, "do you practice on the piano while I am away at business?"

"Yes, father, every day," replied the boy.

"How long did you pratice today?"

"Three hours."

"Well, I am glad to hear that you are so regular. And the next time you practice be sure to unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the instrument last week, and have been carrying the key in my pocket ever since."

Nothing Doing!

"A newspaper reporter wishes to see you, sir."

"Didn't you tell him I was hoarse—could hardly speak?"

"Yes, sir; but he said he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of your head."

"Tell him I have a stiff neck."

Diplomacy.

"When Mrs. Peckton lays down the law do you acquiesce?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Peckton slyly, "as the diplomats do."

"Eh?"

"In principle."

THE PARSON

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES DUNDAS tells a good story of a Scotch minister. The subject of the sermon was Jonah. An old lady in a front pew was most interested.

"Now, what kind of whale do you suppose it was that swallowed Jonah?" he cried. "Aiblins it was herrin'? Aye, but it was no' a herrin'. Aiblins it was a cod? Aye, but it was no' a cod. Then, dearly beloved brethren, what sort o' fush was it? Was it a shairk?"

The old lady could keep silence no longer.

"Maybe it was a whale," she said.

The minister rose in fury and banged her on the head with the "Gude Buk."

"Ye daft bletherin' bizum," he roared, "ye're taking the word o' God out o' the mooth o' ane o' His ministers."

The Alert Typist.

"Miss Poundkeys, I cannot live without you."

"I can't marry you, Mr. Custard; but if you feel that way you might raise my salary."

America's Day.

"Are yez an American citizen, Pat?"

"Faith, Oi am that! Oi was born in Tipperary, but 'twas on the Fourth of July."

SOLID IVORY

NOT PARTICULAR

FARMER—So you are an experienced milker, are you? Well, now, which side of the cow do you sit on when you milk her?

Applicant (from the city)—Well, I'm not a bit particular if the cow isn't.

Daily Short Story.

"What a pretty girl!" exclaimed Tiberius Woggs as he surveyed the damsel in the next car seat.

Whereupon the pretty girl made a snoot at him.

This story is very short.

No Company There.

He—You're always in my mind.

She—That explains why I'm so often lonesome.

Question.

"When you are trying to kiss a girl——"

"Yes?"

"And she says you are stronger than she is ——"

"Well?"

"Is that a hint to stop or go on?"

Getting On Rapidly.

"Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?"

"I got two orders in one place."

"That's the stuff! What were they?"

"One was to get out and the other was to stay out."

Her Offering.

Mrs. Murphy was housecleaning when a lady called, and said, "Mrs. Murphy, will you give me something for the Home of Inebriates?"

"Come back this evening," said Mrs Murphy. "Ye can have Murphy."

Going Into Mourning.

Entering a garage the other day Smith saw one of the colored employes that he knew looking very disconsolate. "What's the matter, Sam?" he asked. "Are you sick?"

"No, sah, 'tain't that," replied Sam. "I done los' $5, sah, an' I jes' nacherly got to sit an' grieve."

Her Own Affair.

Muriel—Oh, Mame, why didn't you tell me I had a dab of rouge on the end of my nose?

Mame—How do I know where you want to wear your complexion.

HER CHINESE COOK

"WHAT is your name?" asked the mistress of her new Chinese cook.

"My name is Wang Hang Ko," was the reply.

"Oh, I shall never be able to remember that," said the lady. "I shall call you John."

"Velly well, ma'am," said the Chinaman. "And what is your name, ma'am?"

"Mrs. Percival Smith-Jones."

"Me no lemembel that," said the Chinaman. "I shall call you Sally."

A FINE FINGER.

When I look at the lad
In the collar ad
Apollo's stock goes zing.
And Hercules
To one of these
Was but a puny thing

Well, Why Not?

"Aunt, dear, may I present Mr. Peterson? Mr. Peterson was born in the Canary Islands."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Peterson. Perhaps you will sing for us."

Playing It on Hubby.

Mrs. Exe—Does your husband remember the anniversary of your marriage?

Mrs. Wye—Never; so I remind him of it in January and June and get two presents.

Ouch!

"Five Hundred Troy Laundry-women Walk Out."—Headline. Struck while the ironing was hot.

First Night in a Pullman.

The first time Rosemary took a trip on a train she was very much impressed with her first night in a berth on a Pullman sleeper. When they arrived at her aunty's she said: "Why, aunty, just think, the flats were so small we couldn't all live together. Mamma and I slept in the first flat and daddy in the second flat."

Helping Him Out.

Doris—I felt sure you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now.

Archibald—No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth.

Doris—Then for goodness' sake swallow it—you need some.

THE BETTER WAY

"I'VE just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and, if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering a new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name them each after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm!" said Sophie, "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low and look into his eyes. And then, if he doesn't pop, you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."

It Does.

"What do you mean by going out to get your hair cut in the firm's time?" demanded the factory foreman of a machine hand.

The reply was: "Well, my hair grows in the firm's time, doesn't it?"

The New York Idea.

Departing Passenger—This is a heck of a service!

Conductor—What is the matter? Couldn't you get a seat?

D. P.—Sure I got a seat. But my wife had to stand up all the way.

Artificially Enriched.

Newrich—I don't know what I'm ever going to make of that son of mine.

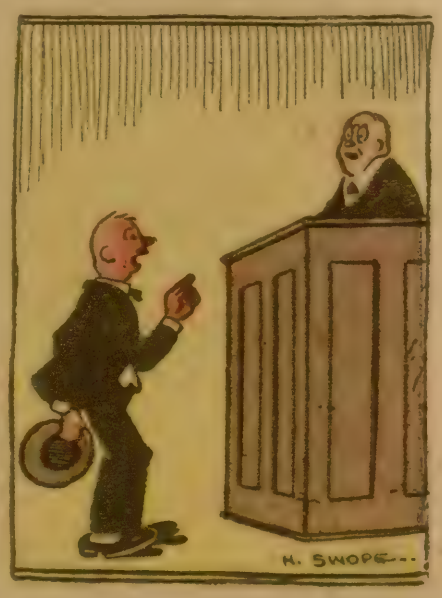
Friend—Perhaps your son hasn't found himself yet. Isn't he gifted in any way?

"Gifted! I should say he is! He hasn't got a thing that wasn't given to him."

THE CHAMP.

It's easy to be grouchy
When things aren't coming your way;
But the prize old growl
Is the man who will howl
When everything's going O. K.

Convinced.



Judge—What is your plea? Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—I intended to plead guilty, but after talking to my lawyer I'm convinced that I am innocent.

The Scar

(Continued From Page 5)

she whispered. There was a moment of silent rapture.

Presently Mark said:

"My beloved! . . . And you will marry me . . . when? There is nothing to wait for, and I want you."

She tried to laugh as she looked away.

"There is Mrs. Lisburne to consider, and . . . Twinkle."

"I will speak to Mrs. Lisburne tomorrow; and Twinkle must find some one to take your place. I will see Mrs. Lisburne tonight if you wish, and tell her."

She shook her head.

"There are your people, too."

"I have only a father who will not care, and if he did it would make no difference. I have my mother's money."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that," she said tremulously.

Mark drew her again into his arms.

"Most dear! Think of nothing but how happy we shall be," he said; his lips met hers.

She closed her eyes beneath the fire of his.

"You are very sure of me," she whispered.

"If I were not, there would be nothing for me in the world," he answered huskily. "My life was never anything till I held you in my arms, and now I have nothing left to wish for but to make you my wife."

She pushed him gently away and sat up. She looked white and weary, but she laughed his anxiety away.

"I've got a headache, that's all! Do you know, I should just love some tea."

He called to the taxi-driver and directed him to a little quiet shop where there were shaded lights and few people, but tho Mark ordered everything he could think of, Mary Silver hardly touched a thing.

"I'm not hungry," she said. "Please, I'm not hungry."

It had stopped raining when they went out into the street again, and a pale streak of sunlight was shining thru the gray evening. Mark linked his arm in Mary's.

"I'm going to take you thru the park. A walk will cure that headache," he said.

HE LOOKED years younger and better himself. He walked with his head erect and a light in his eyes that had never been there before. He was so happy he felt as if he were dreaming and he kept looking down at the girl beside him with worshipful eyes.

There were orocuses in the grass beneath the trees, and little graceful snowdrops. Mark looked at them, and drew a long breath. He felt as if he had been born into a new world of eternal spring. Already his happy thoughts were leaping ahead into a future which spread itself before him in unbelievable glory.

His wife! The blood rushed to his face as he looked down at her. His wife, and perhaps some day the mother of his children. It was a sacred thought of unspeakable beauty! He said with boyish impulse:

"If ever we have a son, Mary, he shall have a very different boyhood to mine. I should like to have a son, to show him what a father and mother can be."

He spoke with simple earnestness, but she did not answer, and presently he felt her falter and sway a little against him.

He looked down in swift concern. She was white to the lips, and those lips shook badly.

"I am so tired . . . if you would let me go home——" She tried to smile.

Mark reproached himself passionately.

"I've worn you out! My abominable selfishness! . . . I ought to be taking care of you, and instead—— Mary, let me come and speak to Mrs. Lisburne tonight . . . I want to take you away. . . . I want you all to myself."

But she was obdurate. They must wait a little while—it was so soon. Would he not be patient just for a few days?

Mark turned his face away from her pleading eyes.

"I've waited long enough," he said hoarsely. "I've waited for you all my life." But in the end he gave way. "Don't try me too far, most dear, that's all," he said, "or some day I shall come in and carry you away by force."

It was dark when they reached the Lisburnes' house again—dark enough for Mark to take her in his arms and kiss her and whisper a dozen times how he loved her, how he adored her.

"I don't deserve such happiness," he said humbly. "Mary, we have so much to tell one another. It seems impossible that all these years of your life and mine have gone by without our knowing one another. Some day I will tell you all about my life."

She shivered a little in his arms.

"I think the past is best forgotten," she said faintly. "Mine has not been so very happy that I want to remember it."

"The future shall make up for it," said Mark. He drew her close to his heart, and for a moment stooped, and laid his cheek to hers.

She was wearing a soft, furry wrap about her throat, and something in the touch of it, and its faint scent, took Mark back with a rush to those days of his boyhood during which he had known Alice Trent.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

He closed his eyes to the dark night, and seemed to see again her sweet face as it had looked in the candle-light of the shabby drawing-room in Disraeli road, Streatham, and then that picture faded as swiftly as it had come, and he could see himself as he had been the night he heard of her death, walking about the playground at school, wringing his hands with grief, and looking up at the stars.

"Everything I love always dies, or goes away—everything!"

Those anguished words had filled his mind that night, and they came back to him now poignantly.

Everything he loved! His arms closed convulsively round the girl by his side.

He let her go at last, and stood for a long time in the darkness, staring at the door that hid her from him.

Three times he turned away and walked as far as the end of the street, always to return. It seemed monstrous that they should have to be separated when he felt unhappy and incomplete without her.

CHAPTER XX.

A STEADY rain was pouring down when Mark woke the following morning at 9, and the sky was gray and unbroken.

He made a mental calculation. Twelve hours at least before he could make an excuse to call at the Lisburnes'! Never before had a day loomed before him at such desperate length.

He got up slowly; there was no reason to hurry. He would spend an hour over his bath, and an hour over his breakfast, that would bring it to 11 and help matters on a little. He wondered what Mary Silver was doing now. Probably she had been up and dressed hours ago. Mark felt ashamed. He looked at Taylor dubiously, and after a moment he spoke.

"In future call me at 8, and I shall want breakfast at half-past."

He felt the color deepen in his face as he spoke, felt the astonishment in Taylor's placid eyes tho he did not glance at him, and, with an assumption of carelessness, he began to whistle as he walked over to the dressing-table and took up his hair brushes.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

At first he was not conscious of the fact that he was whistling the air that Alice Trent used to sing, and when he did realize it he stopped abruptly.

"Some day there will be a dear woman who will love you nearly as well as your mother would have done, had she lived."

Alice Trent had spoken these words to him nearly twenty years ago, and yesterday they had come true.

Mark's face glowed. The expression of his own eyes in the mirror made him tingle. He looked away from them self-consciously, and gave his rough hair a final pat, and it was as he laid the brush down that his eyes fell on the ugly scar that disfigured his wrist. And the thought came into his mind—

"Some day I shall have to explain that scar to Mary."

He turned away from the glass, pulling down the sleeve of his pajama coat with nervous fingers.

What was there so dreadful in that explanation, after all? It had been a very ordinary accident, a boy's carelessness—nothing more!

But Mark knew he would have to tell Mary more than that. He knew that he loved her so well that he could not bear any thought of his to go unshared by her—that he wanted her to know all that that scar stood for in his mind—the baser and weaker side of his nature which her love for him and his for her would help him to tread under foot and conquer.

He thought of Miriam, but the too vivid picture she had once presented to his imagination seemed faded and blurred. She had passed out of his life with Mary Silver's first kiss, and her mocking eyes no longer had power to hurt him. But he would tell Mary about her all the same, as he would tell her everything else that had happened in the years before they met.

And she? Mark winced as he recalled her half-confession to him yesterday, and his pulses throbbed with jealousy. He tried to put the thought from him and to remember only her kisses and the touch of her lips on his—to remember that altho the past was gone beyond recall, thank God, he was master of today and tomorrow.

Mark dressed, breakfasted and went out.

It was pouring with rain still, but he walked thru the mud and dreariness light-heartedly.

He looked into all the shop windows and thought what he would buy for Mary Silver. He longed for the day when she would depend on him for everything. He could imagine no greater joy than to pay for her clothes, and her shoes, and the hundred and one absurdities so dear to a woman's heart.

He lunched alone, his eyes on the clock. How the hands seemed to crawl! He stayed at the table as long as possible and then went out into the street again. The rain had stopped, but the roads were wet and muddy.

Once Mark thought he would chance his luck and call at the Lisburnes' during the afternoon; then he remembered his promise to Mary and dismissed the thought, with a sigh. If she had wished to deepen his longing for her, she could have chosen no surer method.

He walked up Regent street and went into Stewart's. An elderly woman standing beside him heard his request for the largest box of chocolates they had got in the shop, and looked at him with eyes of stern disapproval that made him think of Miss Midian.

Poor old Aunt Midian! She had had little enough of happiness in her life, and for the first time in his, Mark's thoughts of her were kindly. She had never known love as he knew it now; always she had seemed to Mark to be old and soured and unattractive.

He ordered a second box of chocolates, inclosed his card and had it posted to her at his father's house.

He walked out of the shop, smiling to himself as he pictured her utter amazement. No doubt she would think he had gone out of his mind—as perhaps he had, with happiness!

He went back to his rooms, wrote a couple of unnecessary letters to pass the time (Mark hated writing letters), then he shaved again, dressed, and made a pretense of dining. But his heart was racing like a girl's, and his hand was so unsteady he was afraid Taylor would notice it.

At 8 o'clock he sent for a taxi and drove to the Lisburnes'.

The rain clouds had cleared away and the stars were shining as Mark rang the doorbell and waited, with jumping pulses.

Supposing he did not see her after all? Supposing Mrs. Lisburne—— The door opened.

"Mrs. Lisburne at home?"

The maid obviously hesitated.

"Yes, sir, but— am not sure if she is engaged. Will you please to come in?"

Mark went into the drawing-room and heard the door shut behind him.

He walked over to the fireplace and stood looking down at the flames.

His heart was beating to suffocation. He gripped the box of chocolates he had brought for Twinkle, with nervous hands.

Supposing he had to go away without seeing Mary! Supposing—— The door opened behind him and Mrs. Lisburne came in.

Her pretty face was flushed and perturbed, her hair untidy. Mark saw that she still wore an afternoon frock.

She came forward with outstretched hand.

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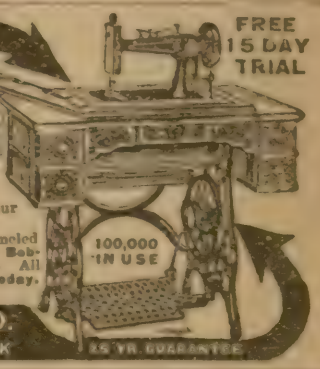

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Mark, I should have refused to come down. I never had such a dreadful time! Poor darling Twinkle hasn't stopped crying all the evening. I don't know what I shall do! I ought to be dining out this very moment, but how could I leave him? So I just sent Harry alone and told him to apologize for me! I should never have believed it of her! She seemed so nice!—so thoroly charming!—and I thought she was really fond of Twinkle; and then to go off like this! It only shows that you can never trust any one."

She paused for breath and Mark found his voice:

"Who has gone off? Who are you talking about?"

His lips felt dry and feverish; his eyes burned.

Mrs. Lisburne laughed vexedly.

"How silly of me!" she apologized. "Of course you don't know—I forgot. I don't think you ever saw her, did you? Her name was Mary Silver. She took old Jane's place, you know. She seemed such a nice girl. We all liked her."

Mark broke in curtly, almost rudely. "You say she's gone?"

He felt as if he were talking utter nonsense, as if they both were. He could almost have laughed when suddenly Mrs. Lisburne began to cry.

"She asked if she could go out for half an hour after tea. I said yes, of course. I've always tried to make her happy and comfortable. Well, she never came back. We didn't miss her till it was Twinkle's bedtime, and then, of course, we wondered. I was afraid she had had an accident. I should have sent for the police, only one of the servants found that she had taken all her boxes—everything! How she managed it without any one seeing, I don't know; but she's gone—vanished! And only this note left."

She held out her hand and showed Mark a crumpled half-sheet of paper. He took it mechanically and read the few lines:

"Please try to forgive me. I am going away. I cannot explain. Thank you for all you have done.

"MARY SILVER."

Mark handed it back silently and his brain seemed incapable of thought.

"And Twinkle cries and cries," said Mrs. Lisburne, tearfully. "Even I cannot comfort him, the poor darling!"

Mark moved stiffly towards the door.

"Let me go up," he said. Each word cost him an effort. "No, I know my way."

He went slowly up the stairs, clutching at the balusters as if he were a very old and tired man.

There seemed to be a band of iron around his heart—around his brain, too, and he wondered how long it would be before they broke and drove him mad.

The nursery door was open, the room just the same as he remembered it, and yet it seemed to him as if the desolation of death was upon everything.

Twinkle sat up in bed, crying dismally, the tears running down his face, his mouth wide open.

When he saw Mark he stopped, as for an instant his eyes rested on the big box of chocolates.

Mark lifted him out of bed and sat down with him by the fire.

"What's the matter, old chap?"

He tried to speak naturally, but his voice was hoarse and unsteady.

Twinkle raised piteous eyes, tears on the lashes, to Mark's white face.

"Mary gone!" he wailed. "Mary gone! Left Twinkle! Mary gone 'way."

"She'll come back," Mark said, with an effort. "She'll come back."

He was far more in need of the assurance than Twinkle. It was the one frail straw that kept him from sinking.

But Twinkle shook his head.

"Not come back," he said sorrowfully. "Mary not never come back again."

Mark felt as if he were choking. He got up abruptly and put the boy back in his cot. He laid the box of chocolates down beside him and went out of the room, with hardly a word of farewell. His one thought was how to get out of the house before his despair conquered him, and he dreaded meeting Mrs. Lisburne again.

Across the hall he could hear her voice, evidently speaking on the telephone. He caught up his hat and coat and made precipitately for the door.

A servant followed him.

"Mrs. Lisburne will only be a moment, sir, if you will wait."

Mark shook his head, for he could not trust himself to speak. He unlatched the door for himself and went out into the night.

He had reached the end of the street before he realized that he was still carrying his hat. He put it on mechanically and walked on.

Mary had gone! She had left him without a word of farewell—and Mark knew without any telling that it was he who had driven her away. Why? Did she not love him? Had she never loved him?

"Everything I love always dies, or goes away."

He felt as if he had suddenly been cast out of heaven and heard the gates clash together in his face.

He walked about the streets all night. The rain came on again and soaked him to the skin, but he was not conscious of it. There was a fiery wheel in his heart and brain that kept him from feeling the cold and it was only when the first gray finger of dawn pointed its way thru the darkness that he turned his steps homeward.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE morning Mark's common sense made a desperate effort to assert itself.

Mary Silver had gone, but not beyond recall. He could find her even if he had to hunt the world thru. Nothing was impossible if one had the will, and sufficient money.

He tried to find consolation in blaming himself. He had been too precipitate, he had frightened her. He knew nothing about women—about women like Mary Silver, at least.

She would come back, or she would write, and if not—well, he would find her if it took him twenty years. He had waited more than twenty years for her to bring happiness into his life, and perhaps this was to be a further period of probation.

As the days wore on he employed every means which money and ingenuity could devise whereby to trace Mary Silver. He himself was in London streets from morning till night, scanning the face of every woman he passed, hoping, praying that some day he would find her.

Mark had never known love before, and it meant a great deal more to him than just kisses and the clasp of arms, and the smile in a woman's eyes.

Tho he had known her such a little while, everything he was, and everything he hoped to be, were bound up in Mary Silver.

He suffered more acutely because there was nobody in whom he could confide, and a trouble unshared is always twice the burden to bear.

In those days he realized his singular friendlessness, and began dimly to understand that it was Bishop who had so cleverly cut him off from every one.

* * * * * * *

"Sir! Sir!" Taylor woke him, shaking his shoulder, and Mark came back to himself with a little struggle and opened his eyes.

He sat up foolishly.

"I was dreaming——" he said, with a nervous laugh. "I shouted, I suppose—eh?"

"Yes, sir, you was calling out——"

Mark rose to his feet, stretching his arms. He asked no more questions, but he knew that the name upon which he had called in his distress had been Mary Silver's. . . .

And she had forsaken him. . . .

He stood looking down into the fire with haggard eyes.

Why struggle against what he had always known to be inevitable? What was the use of fighting against Fate? Miriam was in his life, whether he choose to acknowledge her or not; perhaps—God alone knew!—she was the only living soul who had ever cared for him.

The full tide of his misery rose upon him in an overwhelming flood; happiness was not for him, so why not take the poorer substitute, he thought, as he remembered Miriam.

To a starving man half a loaf is better than no bread, and Mark was starving—for love, for sympathy, and for all the things which had hitherto been denied to him. The few crumbs which Mary Silver had thrown to him had awakened a realization of his fierce hunger. As he thought of her he was consumed with a longing that seemed to tear at his vitals, destroying the better self that had come to life with love, and leaving only reckless desire and a thirst which he knew must be assuaged, even if it were at some loathly pool.

The decanter had stood untouched on the sideboard since his first meeting with Mary and Taylor had noticed and marveled at the change in his master, even while secretly he rejoiced.

Now Taylor came to the door as Mark was reaching for the brandy. He began to speak, then stopped, looking at his master with an expression that was an apology for having intruded at such a moment.

"Well—what is it?" he asked sharply.

Taylor's eyes fell.

"Please, sir—a lady——" he said hesitatingly, "She will not give a name. She said she was sure you would see her."

"A—lady——?"

The crimson blood rushed to Mark's face, only to fade almost as quickly, leaving him deathly white. He passed Taylor in a stride and was in the hall.

"Mary——"

The name was ringing thru his heart like sweetest music, for he was sure it must be she—sure that she had repented and returned to him.

Almost his arms had gone out to the woman standing there in the dim light, her face averted, head a little downbent, and then suddenly she looked up.

She saw the shock and bitter disappointment that drove the eagerness from Mark's face, and the color deepened angrily in her own as almost immediately he laughed harshly.

"You! I was thinking of you only a moment ago. Won't you come in?"

He felt sick with disappointment, yet his voice was harsh, and there was something in his manner that made Miriam hesitate before she followed him into the room. He stood aside to let her pass, and his eyes swept her bold beauty

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with a vague sort of smile before he shut the door.

He looked around the room, and thought of the last time she had been here—when the driving rain had swept thru the open window on the parquet floor beneath, and her thin coat had been so wet that it had clung to her slender arms, and he said, suddenly:

"It's not raining tonight, then."

"No." Her dark eyes sought his with a look almost of fear, and Mark laughed, seeing it.

He dragged a chair forward to the fire.

"Sit down, won't you, and tell me why you have come? Don't be afraid."

She drew a little away from him. In his present mood he seemed almost like a stranger to her, but she answered hardily enough.

"I'm not afraid. I came to ask you for money, but now I'm here—well——" She shrugged her fine shoulders. "Now I'm here, I believe I'm almost ashamed to ask."

Mark laughed. He went to his desk, put two ten-pound notes into an envelope, and looked across the room to where she stood.

She had not moved, and her eyes watched him fascinatedly.

"Why are you ashamed to ask me?" Mark said. He spoke rather loudly, and his eyes were very bright. "Why are you ashamed? I'm a rich man—you know that——"

"I know; but——" She broke off, and her lip trembled. "I wonder what you really think of me—in your heart," she added in a whisper.

"In my heart! My dear girl, I have no heart!" Mark answered. "But otherwise—what do I think of you? Well, that you are a very handsome woman."

He went close to her, and looked down into her eyes, then suddenly he held the envelope above her head.

"What will you give me for this? What's it worth, Miriam?—what's it worth to you?"

He hardly knew what he was saying, but he was vividly conscious of the magic of her eyes and the little pulse beating in her white throat. He bent nearer.

"What will you give me, Miriam?" he asked again in a passionate whisper.

He heard the little inarticulate sound that escaped her, saw the swift movement she made toward him, and he told himself recklessly that it was Fate—that this thing had always been meant to be right from those long ago childhood's days, and he shut his heart to the voice that warned him—he shook off the hand that would still have detained.

"Sir." It was Taylor at the door. He had knocked twice, and, receiving no answer, had entered. He carried a telegram on a tray.

"If you please, sir."

Miriam moved away with a little laugh, and Mark took the yellow envelope and opened it.

The message was from Miss Midian—"Your father is ill. Come at once."

The hot blood in Mark's veins quieted; the madness died out of his eyes.

"No answer," he said, and Taylor quietly withdrew.

Miriam came back. Her eyes sought Mark's face with jealous suspicion.

"What is it? Bad news?"

"Yes, my father is ill."

He gave her the message to read, and a moment of silence followed.

She looked up at him.

"And you will go?"

"Of course—at once." He avoided her eyes.

Miriam laughed.

"And when you come back——" she said, softly.

Mark laid an envelope containing the two ten-pound notes on the table between them. He felt very cold now, and quiet.

"I can give you money," he said hoarsely. "That is all I can give you, Miriam."

He waited a moment, then he moved past her and opened the door. There was the barest possible hesitation before she picked up the envelope he had laid down, and went slowly out.

She ignored Mark until she was out in the hall, then she stopped and glanced back at him over her shoulder, a faint little smile of infinite meaning stealing into her dark eyes.

Mark met it unflinchingly for a moment, then his own fell.

He heard the shutting of the outer door behind her, but it was some time before he moved. Then he brushed his hands across his eyes as if to wipe away any lingering memory of the woman who had just left him, and called to Taylor.

"I am going home. My father is ill. I can just catch the late train. No, I shan't want you. I'll 'phone you in the morning, and—Taylor!"

"Sir!"

"If there should be—a message——"

He broke off.

"A message, sir," Taylor prompted.

Mark laughed mirthlessly.

"There won't be—you need not bother."

Mark reached home at 1 o'clock in the morning. He had not waited to say he was coming, but there was a trap at the station to meet him.

"How is my father?" he asked swiftly, and the groom answered that he was much the same.

"A stroke, sir, the doctor says."

Mark climbed up to the high seat in the darkness. The air struck colder and fresher than in London, and there was a wet white mist hovering wraith-like over fields and hedges.

There were lights in many of the windows of his father's house as they turned in at the drive. Mark could not remember that he had ever seen the place look so festive before.

Miss Midian was in the hall to receive him. She looked tired, her eyes were red-rimmed, and the hand which she extended to Mark shook.

"The doctor has just gone," she said. "Your father is no worse."

She looked at Mark vindictively. He was very like his mother, she thought, and something of the old bitter jealousy she had felt of the dead woman thirty years ago stirred in her heart.

"I suppose I can go up," Mark said, and he turned to the stairs without waiting for a reply.

There was a nurse at his father's bedside, who moved silently to make way as Mark entered, and for an instant he bent over the pillow where old John Hellaby lay. He might have been sleeping, save for the heavy, difficult way in which he breathed, and a certain grayish hue about his mouth and nostrils.

Mark spoke hesitatingly—

"Father!"

No sign or movement, and the nurse shook her head—

"I should not trouble him if I were you."

Mark moved away. He wandered round the room aimlessly. It struck him with a sense of unfamiliarity—as a boy he had never been allowed to cross the threshold.

A portrait, painted on ivory, of his mother, with a blue ribbon in her hair, stood on the dressing-table.

Mark looked at it and thought of Mary Silver.

"I never knew what happiness meant till you kissed me last night."

They had been a lie, those words—a cruelly calculated lie. She had never loved him.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN HELLABY slowly improved, and after four days the doctor told Mark that there was no immediate danger of a second stroke.

"You must look after him well, and keep him amused, but as quiet as possible," he said.

Mark nodded. He wondered if the doctor knew that he and his father were the merest strangers. He saw the doctor to his car, and wandered out into the garden.

Daffodils bent their gracious heads in the March breeze, and the trees were bursting with little furry buds. Mark thought of the day he had walked with Mary Silver in Kensington Gardens, and noticed the snowdrops and crocuses—only three weeks ago as one counted time! But what did time matter? Mark understood now that it is possible for a year of happiness to pass in the twinkling of an eye, just as sometimes a minute can be eternity.

Since he left London every minute had been an eternity to him. There had been no sign from Mary Silver, and all the money which Mark had poured out like water whereby to trace her had been singularly unproductive.

Sometimes he was sure that he would never see her again; sometimes he would dream that he had her in his arms and wake to fresh despair, finding it but a dream.

His loneliness made it doubly hard to bear. There was no living soul in whom he could confide.

Miss Midian never spoke to him if she could avoid it, and she was bitterly jealous of the few moments which every day Mark spent in his father's room.

Mark dreaded these moments unspeakably, for John Hellaby's eyes were very wide open now, and were often turned to his son's face with a curious look of understanding in them.

Once he said, speaking with slow difficulty—

"I dreamed of your mother last night, Mark." And then; "You are very like her."

Mark had flushed uncomfortably, not knowing how to answer, and John Hellaby relapsed into silence.

And at another time he had said—

"You must be thirty-three, Mark."

"Yes."

Mark had grown to dread these abruptly-spoken words, but he dreaded his father's eyes more—they seemed to see so much. It was as if for a little while they had looked on things not of this world, and grown wise.

Mark wandered down to the garden gate, and looked along the road.

The March wind had swept and dried it, leaving a powdery dust behind, and suddenly—without in the least knowing why—Mark thought of Osterway.

He had so often meant to return there—just for a day! His pulses leapt a little as he recalled the sleepy, straggling village and the winding road like a ribbon, and the ivy-covered vicarage, and the study window on which the afternoon sun always shone, and where, twenty years ago, he had found the Rev. Algernon Jope dead at his desk.

He would go back, just for a day, and look again on the scenes of his boyhood.

The present had failed him—the future held nothing—he would go back and see if the past had anything left to offer.

* * * * * * *

He went out into the road, almost expecting to see Timmins and the old-fashioned vicarage trap drawn by the fat pony, but, instead, a couple of shabby-looking taxicabs stood at the curb, and the drivers of both hailed Mark eagerly.

But he shook his head and set out to walk. It was a fine, dry afternoon, with a cool breeze blowing, and Mark walked along, carrying his hat in his hand, his eyes taking in every detail of the familiar road with a sort of shy eagerness.

It had changed but little. There were a few new houses, far apart, and on one side of the country road had been curbed and channeled, and Mark's heart began to beat a little faster as presently, in

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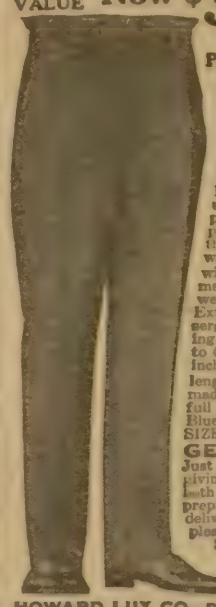

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Name.....

County..... *Post Office*.....

Rural Route..... *Box No*..... *State*.....

Street and No. (if any).....

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the far distance among the treetops, he saw the thin spire of Osterway church.

He quickened his steps involuntarily till he entered the village, then he walked leisurely again, the color deepening a little in his thin face.

There on the right was the once tumble-down cottage where Miriam and her mother had lived—smartly repaired now, and with a green-painted iron fence around its diminutive garden.

Further on still was the postoffice, unaltered, save for a freshly painted letter-box outside, and Mark thought of the morning, nearly twenty years ago, when Mrs. Jope had caught him just on this very spot talking to Miriam in her red cloak.

He had been thirteen then, now he was thirty-three!—twenty wasted years.

He crossed the road and the patch of impoverished grass known as the common, and found himself at the vicarage gate. And now for the first time his heart contracted with a strange little feeling of homesickness, as he looked at the ivied walls and gabled windows and the old elephant-head knocker on the front door.

The study window was open, and Mark caught a glimpse of a man's gray head inside bent over a paper-strewn table.

At first glance it might have been the Rev. Algernon Jope himself, and Mark was conscious of a little contraction of the throat as he turned away, his thoughts full of the kind, good old man who had died that sunny afternoon twenty years ago.

He walked on, past the high wall where he had so often sat and talked with Bishop, and paused for a moment at the end of the narrow road where Miriam had stood that evening in the sunset and taunted him.

He looked up at the closed window of the room where he had slept then with a feeling of eagerness—there was no sunset now—the afternoon was closing in gray and chilly, and, with a little shiver, he went on and into the thick, dark wood where he had spent so many happy hours, and where Miriam had first spoken to him.

"Give me a penny." Those had been almost her first words to him, and he laughed cynically as he remembered that her last request to him before he left London had also been for money.

The wood was bare and deserted. Last year's leaves and twigs lay about and crackled underfoot, tho the trees were in bud, and curly fronds were rising from the dead bracken roots, shielding the sweet wood violets.

Mark stopped abruptly and turned back. He had seen enough to know that there was nothing to hope for from this excursion into the past.

So far he had not seen a face he knew, or met one friendly glance.

Twenty years is a long time, and yet, when he started out from home, there had been a very real hope in his heart that some voice from the past might still linger in the little sleepy village to greet him.

He stopped again at the vicarage gate, and wondered what would be said to him if he knocked at the door with the old elephant-head knocker, and asked if he might come in.

But what was the use? The people there now would not know him, or want him.

He looked at his watch—only 4 o'clock, and no train back to town till half-past 5. He crossed the patch of common again towards the one inn Osterway boasted. In the old days it had been kept by a man named Garry Heffer—a red-nosed, cheery old countryman, with whom Mark had had many a conversation; but a woman with peroxide hair and a powdered face came out to meet him now as he opened the inn door, and again Mark felt an unreasonable pang of disappointment.

Was there nobody left of all the people he had known?

He asked for tea, and she took him into a freshly-painted parlor, from which the wooden benches and trestle tables he remembered had been banished and replaced by cheaply-smart inlaid mahogany. Mark winced and hated it. He went over to the fire, and stood looking down at the red glow. The flames from the logs seemed to wink at him in friendly fashion as if they understood his thoughts and sympathized.

When tea was brought on a painted tray by a stout country girl, Mark asked if she knew what had become of Garry Heffer. She stared at him and giggled.

"Why, he's dead," she said. "Died when I was a little 'un in pinnies." She jerked her head towards the door; "Mrs. Smith here bought the house from Garry Heffer's widow."

Mark drank a cup of tea and sat down by the fire. The daylight was fading fast, and the room was as full of shadows as his own heart.

He looked into the fire and dreamed of Mary Silver—torturous dreams that seemed always to work round and round in circles, bringing him back again to his despair.

She had never loved him! He had been the fool to believe that she had—he was still the fool to care, and suffer. Soon he would have to go back to London—to what?—loneliness, emptiness of life—unless—the dark face of Miriam came suddenly before him. In her own way Mark believed that she cared for him—and love—even of the wrong sort—seemed preferable to his loneliness than none at all.

"And when you come back——"

He recalled the smile in her eyes as she had spoken those words.

Well, why not?—to whom else should he go back, if not to her?

A clock somewhere in the house struck 5, and Mark rose to his feet, realizing that he had only half an hour in which to reach the station. He pushed his chair aside and crossed the room to the door. But before he reached it, it opened from without, and a woman stood on the threshold. The room was too dark to see her face, but she saw Mark's tall figure outlined by the red glow of the fire, and she drew back with a murmured apology. A burning log broke and fell into the grate, splitting the darkness with a bright tongue of flame, and Mark looked once more into the eyes of Mary Silver.

Here is a startling complication, especially for Mary. What will be the explanation of her strange conduct in quitting the Lisburnes without warning? Loving Mark, as she has already confessed, what further reasons will she give for not becoming his bride? There must be a confession of some nature that she cannot avoid, now that she is again face to face with Mark, and the next installment of the story ought to bring it out. Don't miss next week's Ledger.

The Cedar-knobbers

(Continued From Page 6)

know, Tom, that if that gang undertakes to carry out all the sentences they passed last night they'll just plunge this county into civil war and get a lot of good men killed. You noticed how they went ahead and voted a sentence of death upon Ralph Peters when we both testified that he had nothing to do with shooting up Mrs. Ware's place, and you noticed, too, I reckon, that Gregory took every bit of the power into his own hands. Now do you propose to stick to a gang like that?"

"I shore won't turn agin' 'em after I've took the oath."

"Well, I won't either," said Mart thoughtfully, 'not any of them unless it's——"

"Unless it's who?" asked Tom.

"I've talked too much, even to you, I reckon, Tom, and I believe you are my friend; in fact, I know you are."

"Then you know I won't never tell anything you say to me or ever use hit agin' you. Who did you think you might turn agin'?"

"Captain Dempsey, and possibly that crook Dempsey. Tom, you and me both made a mistake last night, and several other honest men did just like we did—made an honest mistake when they rode to Cedar Knob with that pair of crooks."

"Maybe we did."

"We did. And for the sake of those honest men, I'm going to keep my mouth shut pretty tight. But here's the thing I was going, perhaps, to try to get you to do for me, if you could do it handy: I think somebody ought to warn the Peterses that that gang is camping on their trail. If Gregory's method is to shoot men in the back from ambush, and if his gang is going to stand for that sort of methods, then they're a worse set of outlaws than the Peterses, and some one ought to warn Ralph Peters, anyway, to be on the lookout."

Young Wharton laughed shortly.

"Them Peterses are always on the lookout," he said, then added: "Look here, Mart, you're in love with Rose Peters; that's why you are so interested, now ain't it?"

"Partly that, perhaps; but I believe in fair play, too."

Tom Wharton, big, honest mountaineer that he was, understood no subtleties. He now looked at the fashionable young lawyer very gravely.

"Mart," he said, "I don't like to tell you about this, but you hain't treated my sister quite right."

For the first time, in many dangers, Mart Holloway felt a chill of fear creep over him and turn his skin to goose pimples. He realized now as never before what it means for a man to treat a grown woman with a grown woman's full-blooded emotions, as a child.

"I'm sorry, Tom," he said contritely. "I swear I'm sorry; but, you know, I never once thought."

"That's the way with you educated fellers," said Tom bitterly. "You trust such people as me and Mabel jes' like we was children. But we're not children. We're not educated like you—we ain't traveled ner been to college—but we got feelin's and we got pride, jes' the same as you have."

"Tom," began Mart, and halted. He was about to tell this honest mountaineer that if he said the word, and if Mabel agreed, he would marry her that afternoon; but the vision of sweet Rose Peters gave him pause.

"Tom," he blundered on, "I realize I have done wrong. I was about to offer to marry Mabel if she wished that; but can't you see, Tom, marrying her wouldn't make it right. I don't think I'm better than her, you understand. So far as that goes she's too good for me. She risked her life for me yesterday. Do you want me to marry her, Tom? "

"Not by a d—d sight!" blazed the mountaineer. "Mart, I told you we've got pride the same as you have. She saved your life yesterday, and I maybe saved it last night; and I'm yore friend—I want you to know that—but I want you to know, too, that me an' my sister are not just the dirt under yore feet. You ast me jes' now to make a trip to the Peterses fer you. Why the hell don't you go yourself?"

"But, Tom, I—I have never treated Mabel as if she was just——"

"Yes, you did. Listen, Mart; she told me what you did three weeks ago yesterday when she pleased you so well by offerin' to go to the Peterses with you. Mart, that was—was——" The pride-stricken, ignorant boy searched for a word and gave it up.

Mart Holloway sat speechless before this just accusation.

"Tom," he said at last, very solemnly, "you have taught me a lesson. Never again while I live will the pride of blood mean anything to me. You are a better and bigger man every way, Tom, than I am; and as for your sister, I feel like I ought to crawl on my knees to her and beg her to forgive me for the cavalier manner with which I treated her."

"Awe, never mind," said Tom as if dismissing the subject, "I ain't a-goin' to hold it agin' you."

"Are you going to meet with the clan when Gregory lights his signal fire on Cedar Knob?"

"Yes, I'm goin'; aren't you?"

"I refuse to meet with that cutthroat again if it costs me my life," snapped Mart. "I'm done with him. If he and his gang want me, let 'em come after me."

"Are you goin' to turn Gregory in?"

"No."

"I'm glad o' that. Take your time and stand your hand with him. Maybe you kin win out."

Mart bade the big-hearted boy good-by and went back to the hotel, where Mabel and Mrs. Ware were trying to put things in shape. He pitched in and helped them in order to have something to occupy his mind and keep it off Rose Peters and her troubles.

MEANWHILE it was three nights before Captain Gregory lighted the beacon fire that was the agreed-upon signal for the gathering of his Legionaires. And when they met it was not on Cedar Knob. Instead, Gregory posted Dempsey and a man named Bob Anderson to get the countersign from each man and direct him to a certain hidden gulch back of Devil's Bluff. Gregory saw as he checked them in that his band had sunk in four days from a little less than fifty to a little more than thirty.

Immediately on being called to order the Legionaires heard the reports of the committees on Judge Sloan and Mart Holloway. The decision in the first case was that Judge Sloan was to be given his "walking papers" the first time he tried to interfere with the Cedar-knobbers. With regard to Mart, the committee, entirely dominated by Gregory, reported that there was nothing to the charge that Mart had betrayed Rose Peters, but that he had played fast and loose with Mabel Wharton. The decision reached was that he was to be ordered to leave the county and State at once, and that in the event of his failure to do so his punishment would be death. In this decision, as in everything, Gregory's was the guiding hand.

The next thing the brave thirty did was to elect Captain Gregory their permanent leader and Advocate. They were called upon to elect a vice Advocate, and guided by hints from Gregory their choice fell upon Dempsey. They named their own unit the Cedar Knob Legion of the Kearney County Legionaires. Then ten "organizers" were appointed to go out over Kearney and the two adjoining counties and organize other Legions. They were told to get a hundred good men into each Legion if possible, and to be sure and get at least fifty into each. The organizers were to start out the next day and ride day and night, learning the sentiment of the people and gathering as many into the fold "as were worthy to come in."

The matter of the sheriff's death was discussed in the most solemn terms, Gregory stating how deeply he regretted the man's taking off; he felt sure, he said, that some of Judge Sloan's gang had done it in the hope of putting it off on the Legionaires.

Next, the Peterses were discussed, and it was decided that they should pay the death penalty for the manner in which they had shot up a widow's hotel. It was decided that Dempsey, the vice Advocate, should take a picked band and attack the house the following night, while Gregory with a smaller band should picket all the roads leading to that portion of Nubbin Ridge.

It was adopted a the policy of the Cedar-knobbers not to let their left hand know what their right hand did; and in accordance with this policy none of the seventeen men who had failed to be present that night were to know of the attack on the Peters home, and none not chosen to make the attack were to he told afterward who did make it. Even the men in Dempsey's band were not to know who were with Gregory, and vice versa. Thus the whole affair was to be secret.

When the rest of the band dispersed Captain Gregory asked Tom Wharton to remain behind for a two-man conference.

"Tom," said Gregory, "I want you to help me pull off a little deal. There's fifteen hundred dollars in it; and if you'll help me pull it off I'll give you five hundred of the money. Can you play shut-mouth?"

"I reckon."

"Then look here."

The captain held a smoky lantern to a little handbill showing pictures and

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giving a description of Harvey and Elisha Peters and offering fifteen hundred dollars for their capture dead or alive, a copy of the handbill that the Indiana sheriff had mailed to Holloway.

"A friend of mine in Springfield mailed this to me about three weeks ago," said the captain. "Now I have every reason to believe that Mart Holloway got one about the same time, and it was that which caused him to start spying around the Peterses and got him into all that trouble with them."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I saw an envelope addressed to him by this Sheriff Witherspoon, of Sangamon County, Indiana, lying on the desk at the postoffice three weeks ago last Sunday. I looked at it and dropped it on the floor; and it was only a little while after that that Ralph Peters went in there and came out in a rage and started shooting up the place. Did you know Ralph took two shots at Holloway that afternoon while he was buggy-riding with your sister?"

"Yes, I knew that; but I figured it was from jealousy."

"Well, it wasn't. It was because of that envelope, I'm sure. But here's my proposition. You're not known to be one of our gang. Get in with Judge Sloan's crowd and get yourself deputized and go after that reward before Mart Holloway has time to get into action. Or better still—look here—encourage Mart to organize a posse and go after it, and you and me, with two others we can depend on, will go out there and let them know that Mart and his gang is coming, and offer to come into the house and help them stand those suckers off. You can easily get Mabel to go out and act as our messenger to let them know we are coming to help them."

"I don't see what we would get out of that?" said Tom shortly.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'd get. You'd get five hundred dollars just as if it was you who made the arrests. I'll pay that myself. And I would get—never mind what I would get—I just naturally like Rose Peters better than any girl I ever saw, and this Mart Holloway is in my way."

"I see; you want to double-cross him in such a way as to make Rose Peters hate him and love you."

"Yes, that's about it. I'd stay on the inside and fight those on the outside, and that would convince the girl that I was her true friend and the friend of her family."

"I won't go in with you," said Tom Wharton slowly, measuring the other man with a scornful look. "I don't want no part o' that reward myself, and I won't encourage Mart Holloway to go after it neither. Eff he wants to go, that's his business; I won't even talk to him about it. But I will do this much, eff you want me to. I'll have Mabel go out and warn the Peterses that they're liable to be attacked any night. I reckon she owes that much to Ralph."

"And what about my going inside the house and doing what I said to win the girl?"

"That's yore business, I reckon."

"Look here, Tom Wharton," cried Gregory, moving his hand toward his pistol holster. "You aren't going to tell Mart Holloway what I've just said to you? You're sure you're going to tote fair with me all the way thru?"

"As long as you tote fair with me, cap. I ain't in love with Mart Holloway, but as long as he ain't never double-crossed me I ain't a-goin' to double-cross him."

"Well, I see you're square, Tom," said Gregory. "I thought maybe you was kind of fond of Mart from your taking up for him the other night and taking him to your house last Monday. Well, then, I'll tell you my plans. I'll get Mabel to go out there in the morning. I suspect that the best way for her to get the confidence of the Peterses is to pretend she has fallen out with Mart and is thinking a lot of Ralph. Then she can pretend her purpose in coming out is to save Ralph, just like he tried to save her Sunday afternoon. I won't take but one other man with me, as too many might arouse their suspicion; and we'll go in completely unarmed and let them lend us weapons to fight with in case we stay."

"You'll be firin' on your own Legionaires," said Tom in surprise.

"No, I won't fire to hit nobody. I'll just fire into the air when I have to fire at all."

"Well, hit's a d—n dirty deal, but hit's a little fairer to the Peterses than yore first plan. . . . Hit's a dirty deal just the same."

"Tom!"

"Aw, I told you I'd tote fair with you, cap. Don't git scared o' me."

"Well, don't get so d—n personal in your remarks."

Tom Wharton laughed shortly.

"Say, cap, yo're not a bad man; an' listen: don't try no bad man talk to me. I ain't scared of you a little bit. Le's go, eff that's all you wanted wi' me."

But all the way back to Kearneyville Tom Wharton carefully kept his horse about two paces back of that of Captain Gregory. The clan leader understood only too well what the young mountaineer meant to do in case he made a single crooked move.

CHAPTER IX.
TWO IN A WINDOW.

GREGORY called on Mabel early that morning at the hotel. He made her believe that Mart Holloway's life depended on her carrying out his instructions and that if she played her part well she would be married to Mart on the eve of his departure from the State. Early in the forenoon the girl rode horseback to the Peters home.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, as that young man met her at the rail fence. "Ralph, something terrible is on foot. I don't know just what it is, but a sheriff's posse or a gang led by Mart Holloway, that is after that reward, is shore goin' to attack this house tonight. Cap Gregory sent me to warn you-all. Him and Bob Anderson are at outs with the rest of the Cedar-knobbers, and especially with Mart Holloway, an' they ast me to come here an' warn you."

Ralph laughed shortly,

"You needn't a' warned us," he said. "We're prepared all the time; an' the gang that attacks this house is shore goin' to tote off a few dead uns."

"Well, they wanted me to warn you, anyway, an' they offered to come here and fight fer you tonight eff you'll let 'em come."

"Oh, they did, eh. What kind of suckers does Cap Gregory think we are?"

"He said him an' Bob would come unarmed jes' before dark eff you wanted 'em too, an' they offered to bring you all the ammunition you wanted eff yo're short."

A crafty look passed across the young man's face.

"Tell 'em to come along," he said; "but tell 'em to come in their shirt sleeves and come jes' before dark and be mighty sure their shirts are buttoned up good in front."

Mabel rode back to town and delivered Ralph's message to Gregory. Mart saw her ride back into Kearneyville and watched Gregory ride away across the ford of the river. He thought once he would go and talk to Mabel and learn what was afoot, but decided it was the better part of wisdom to remain in his little law office.

Gregory met Bob Anderson and the man Dempsey at a lonely spot three miles from town, and there the three of them arranged the attack for the night. Dempsey was instructed to keep his men at safe distances from the house and merely to shoot up the place and give the Peterses a scare. His mind was still on that fifteen hundred dollars in case his ruse failed to win the girl, and he didn't care to have either of his men killed by an outside party.

As soon as they had left Dempsey the pair rode to Nubbin Ridge by a roundabout course, under the pretext of getting there early to guard the roads. About sunset they again met Mabel a little way from the house and the three tied up their horses and walked up the road together to a point in front of the house.

Mabel met Ralph half way from the fence to the front porch.

"Let Cap Gregory come forward so's I kin talk with him," commanded Ralph. "And tell him if he makes a crooked move they'll shoot him from upstairs. They've got their Winchesters trained on him and Anderson now."

Mabel called to Gregory to come forward, and he climbed the fence and and turned slowly round to show that he was unarmed and then walked slowly across the open space to where Ralph and Mabel were standing.

"Whut you got to say fer yourself?" called a gruff voice from above stairs. "Say hit now, and eff hit's a lie, I'll shoot your heart out where you stand."

Gregory knew that he was playing a ticklish game. He looked up toward the chink beneath the eaves of the house and began:

"I want to warn you that Mart Holloway and a band of about thirty Cedar-knobbers are going to shoot up this house tonight. I'm a Cedar-knobber myself when the cause they are fighting for is just; but I told them not to attack you folks, and so I came to warn you and, if you will let me, to help you defend the house. The Knobbers weren't organized to get personal revenge, and that is just what Mart Holloway and his gang are after."

"Who's the other fellow down there?"

"Bob Anderson. He offered to come with me and help you folks fight the Knobbers. We're both completely unarmed. You can do as you like, take us in or send us away. We're supposed to be guarding the north road for the Knobbers now."

"Well, we'll shore not send you back," growled the old man from his loophole. "We'll take you in and tie you hand and foot, and eff the house gets on fire we'll leave you in it to roast. How does that suit you, young feller?"

"Best we can do, I reckon," replied Gregory, trying to grin.

"Put up yore hands," snarled Ralph Peters, poking the captain in the ribs with a .44. Mabel, go tell that other fool to march forward with his hands over his head. Tell him not to try to run, or he'll get some hot shot in his hide."

Mabel ran a little way down the path and called to Anderson, who came forward with his hands high above his head. The two unarmed men were ushered into the house, where Joe and Tom Peters "hog-tied" them, as the saying is among outlaws.

Gregory felt a cold chill run up and down his spine as he discovered that Nat Coburn, who had been condemned for corn-stealing, and Bob Stevens of Kadytown, whom the Cedar-knobbers had likewise condemned to be whipped, were present in the house. It looked very much as tho some one of the Cedar-knobbers had betrayed him, and Gregory knew that if this were true, he was caught in a trap, and his death was practically certain. And when Tom and Joe Peters dragged him and his companion forward and began to tie them to the iron bars of an unshuttered front window, where they were almost sure to be hit if the house were fired upon, he broke out in a cold sweat. Harvey Peters, whose right arm was in a sling, stood watching and directing the tying, and Ralph stood by joking the two prisoners.

"We're going to tie you up here where the first bullet that comes thru will get you," he jeered. "And I reckon too I'll just leave a bright light burnin' so that your Knobber friends can see how faithful you are to them."

It was a terrible prospect, and Bob Anderson broke down and began to cry and beg.

Gregory was broken out with goose pimples all over, but still he controlled his voice and tried to argue with Ralph.

"Can't you see that seeing us here as your prisoners will only infuriate the Knobbers all the more and cause their attack to be that much more determined?"

"All right, my fine logician," said the educated Tom. "We'll just blow out the light in this room so they can't see you; but of course that won't keep their bullets from coming thru. . . . Mabel, you'd better go into the cellar where Rose is; that is really the only safe place in the house."

No sooner was Mabel in the cellar than Ralph blew out the light in the room where the two men were tied and followed her down.

"Ralph," she pleaded, "yo're doin' them

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two men wrong. They really come here to fight for you-uns tonight. I 'don't know jes' why Cap Gregory come unless hit's because he hates Mart so bad—but, yes I do know, too, and I'm goin' to tell you and Rose. He's come here, and risked his life, because he loves Rose. He's foolish about you, Rose; I know that fer a fact."

"Well, he has at least warned us that the Knobbers are comin'; that is, eff they are comin'," said Ralph, softening a little. "Rosey, did Cap Gregory ever make love to you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said that if I were ever in trouble and needed a friend," replied the girl, pale and agitated, "he would prove himself a friend by coming to my assistance."

"Well, we'll see eff he means what he said," snarled Ralph with an oath. "Eff he can take his chance in that winder fer you, he loves you, all right, all right!"

"But, Ralph," cried Rose, her sense of justice aroused, "he has warned you that the Knobbers are coming. You oughtn't to murder him outright. Bring him and Anderson to the cellar and tie them down here, or else give me a six-shooter and I'll guard them down here!"

"Nothin' doin'," sneered the young man. "We put 'em in that winder; and in that winder they're goin' to stay!"

"You're a cruel, bloodthirsty boy!" shouted Rose angrily, as Mabel began to weep audibly.

"That's my reputation," mocked Ralph as he bounded up the cellar stairs.

IF THERE is anything more trying on the nerves than being in a house while it is assaulted from without, it is waiting in that house for the assault to be delivered. For three hours the two girls waited tremblingly in the cellar; for three hours Ralph and Joe waited and watched on the ground floor, and Tom and the two wounded men watched from the loopholes above; for three hours their two prisoners stood tied in the window expecting instant death as their first notice that their former comrades had arrived.

It must have been about 11 o'clock that Gregory heard, or thought he heard, a stick break under the weight of a man out across the road and directly in front of the window where he was tied. Ralph had heard the same thing and leveling a Winchester between the shoulders of the two unfortunates in the window he sent a shot in the direction from which the noise had come. In an instant there was an answering volley from the woods in front of the house, fired at such great distance that the balls were of little danger unless to the two culprits in the window.

The night was clear and starry, but there was no moon. The men at the loopholes did not deem it wise to waste their ammunition at that distance, and the one shot fired by Ralph was the only shot fired from the house during the first phase of the attack.

Gregory, in ordering a false attack upon the house had not reckoned on the bloodthirsty disposition of Dempsey when the man was once roused. Under cover of that first scattering fire Dempsey and four other Knobbers crept forward across the road and were quietly taking down the rail fence to permit their horses to pass thru the gap, but those inside the house did not know this. Their first intimation that the attackers were inside the field was when they heard horses circling about and the house received a volley of pattering shots.

Then on a signal from old Elisha the four boys, all upstairs now, turned up a number of brilliant oil lamps and flung open four shutters, two at the gables and two at the dormer windows front and back, and leaping to the portholes poured a volley of shots at the horsemen outside.

This was too much for the Cedar-knobbers and they broke and galloped away into the darkness, getting with all speed out of the four broad bands of light that searched them out.

At the instant they were first heard galloping across the field, Rose, who had been hidden in the darkness behind Captain Gregory and Bob Anderson, with a sharp knife in her hand, leaped forward and with a few quick slashes cut the thongs that bound them to the iron bars, and, bidding them go to the cellar, fled up the stairs to tell her father what she had done.

But Captain Gregory leaped up the dark stairway behind her, and when in the hurly-burly her father at length heard what she was saying and looked up, he saw Gregory standing exposed at a window, plugging away with a Winchester rifle at the fleeing Knobbers.

The attack on the house was a joke so far as the inmates were concerned. No one inside received a scratch. As to the attackers, they did not fare so well. Two were severely wounded, and one man, Sid Hall, was killed outright. Nat Coburn declared it was his shot from a lower window that had killed him, but Nat was the biggest liar on Nubbin Ridge, and Gregory was seen to smile every time Nat repeated the story.

There was great rejoicing and congratulations inside the house when it was known that the Cedar-knobbers had withdrawn for good. Old Elisha Peters was completely fooled into believing in Gregory's loyalty by the captain's daredevil act at the window, and both the captain and Anderson were treated as honored guests.

But they could not stay, they stated, as they must get away from the house and find their horses and meet with the Knobbers at their rendezvous—thus to avoid suspicion.

But Captain Gregory got an opportunity to speak to Rose alone before he sneaked away like the traitor he was.

"You see I proved myself true to you and your people," he said to her. "I simply could not know of any danger to you and yours and not come and warn you and try to protect you."

"You have acted very bravely and very generously," the girl commented, under the stress of her emotion. Her heart was freezing with fear lest Mart Holloway had been killed in that deadly volley fired from the house.

"Reward me with one little promise," begged the traitor. "Promise me, Rose, that you will try to learn to love me."

"I will," said the girl. "I will think of you always as my dear, dear friend, who came to me when other friends proved false!"

CHAPTER X.

A FLIGHT BY NIGHT.

THE day following the night attack on the Peters house there was another inquest to be held, over the body of Sid Hall, who was found lying in a broad band of light east of the house, when the other Knobbers galloped away. The outlaws, in their brutal fashion, left him lying there in the field all night, and did not notify any one of his death; but a neighbor, passing early next morning, reported the affair in Kearneyville, and Judge Sloan, the prosecuting attorney, and the coroner all drove out to the Peters place before 9 o'clock.

Tom Wharton came early that morning to warn Mart Holloway to leave Kearneyville by the mail hack that day, and to go well armed. But Mart declined to follow the advice. He was determined to learn what had taken place at the Peters home, and so, when Mabel returned to town that afternoon after the inquest, he called her to his room.

"Mabel," he said, "this whole affair is getting serious. You know I warned you once to quit meddling with it. Now I know that you have made two trips to the Peters place, and were there last night when Sid Hall was killed." He looked at the girl shrewdly. "Mabel, who shot Sid Hall?"

"I don't know. I was in the cellar when the fight was going on."

"Where—where was Rose?"

"In the cellar, too."

"All the time?"

"No-o, not all the time."

"Where was she when she was not in the cellar?"

"Mr. Mart, don't make me tell nothin'. I don't want to git nobody killed."

"From what I can make out your meddling has already got two people killed; now come clean and tell me where Rose was and what she was doing when she was not in the cellar with you."

"Oh, Mr. Mart, please, please don't make me tell you, you just make me cause another good man to be killed."

"You'll perhaps cause a dozen good men to be killed if you don't tell all you know about that affair last night and help to clear the whole matter up."

"Well, I'll tell you then. Rose went upstairs to get a knife to cut two people loose that was tied in the winder where they was shore to git shot by them outside."

"What two men, Mabel?"

"Oh, Mr. Mart, please, please don't."

"Mabel, you say you love me. If you do, please don't be so unreasonable, and——"

"Mart Holloway." A terrible voice rang thru the room, and the door flew open and Tom Wharton sprang in.

"Mart," he gritted slowly, "I've been stickin' up fer you an' tryin' to protect you. Now hit's yore move. The Knobbers are after you, an' eff you don't leave here today they're goin' to git you tonight, an' I'm goin' to help 'em git you."

"Thanks, Tom Wharton, for the warning and advice." Mart's voice was as smooth as velvet. "Mabel, if I am killed in the next twenty-four hours, tell your kind brother how your meddling brought it about." With that Mart rose and stepped from the room.

Five minutes later he was in his little law office, seated at his typewriter, clicking off two long letters. One he addressed to Judge Sloan. When the other was finished he carefully numbered the pages, made a correction or two, addressed a long envelope and then went to Bill Stockstill's livery stable and asked for White Face, his speediest and meanest saddle horse.

"And, Bill," he asked, "can you lend me that Ballard rifle of yours. I'm leaving here under a cloud, as you might say. And, Bill, I'm not a rich man, but I've got enough money in the local bank here to pay you for White Face and the whole outfit if anything happens to it. I'm just going to leave a check with you for the amount you think reasonable."

"No, you ain't," said big Bill Stockstill. "Mart, you've allus toted fair wi' me. Eff anything happens to ole White Face I'll jes' say he got hurt carryin' a good man. You ain't going to leave no check wi' me at all. Jes' leave the outfit at Sparta eff you git thar safe, an' I'll send a boy arter 'em tomorrow."

Mart and Bill walked back to the little law office together and Mart filled his cartridge belt with shells, put an extra pistol in one saddle bag, stuffed an extra short and stock into the other, and mounted and rode away toward the ford of Goose Creek.

It was bright June weather. The woods were deep and cool, the corn fields and meadows green and beautiful. From the top of the long climb beyond the ford of Goose Creek, Mart could see the White River foaming on the shoals, and beyond it a wide cove with rich farm lands and little white houses and big red barns, and beyond that the rim of hills, Cedar Knob rising high above the others and dominating them all.

"Lovely, hateful, beautiful country," he murmured aloud. "If it were not for the passions and cowardice and crookedness of men, you would be the sweetest spot God ever made."

The fourth and concluding installment of this rapid-fire story will be found in the next number of the Ledger, which can be had next week. The closing chapters will depict some thrilling scenes and probably straighten out the various tangles that at present appear to block the road to peace and happiness for those, at least, that deserve as much. Don't miss the last big scenes in this exciting and romantic drama of the hills.

* * *

A Comedy of Errors.

(Continued From Page 13.)

worship you! I shall always be grateful for the way you saved my life," she said.

"Oh—er—of course; but it's all right; you are entirely welcome! I save somebody's life every once in a while, anyway, and it doesn't amount to much—yes, of course, it does amount to a whole lot, saving your life—but you know what I mean; I don't want to seem a hero for just doing my duty."

He reseated himself, beside her, pushed out his feet before him and scowled at the toes of his white canvas shoes. He had a pretty diamond ring in his pocket which he had purposed putting upon the third finger of Nannie's left hand—but now!

Nannie squeezed his arm in ecstasy. "You are just delightful, Newton!" she cried. "I adore modesty in young men; it is so rare!"

"Yes, that's so—yes, I like to be modest," he agreed absently. He was hastily weighing the fact that, since obviously Nathan now knew Nannie, might not his own chances with her be endangered by delay? Nathan had laid her under high obligation to himself; yet how caddish, how unfair to take advantage of the great service Nathan had done her! "But she cares for me, not Nathan," was his swift summing up of the arguments whirling thru his mind. That was the major and determining fact. He rather sheepishly drew the ring from his pocket, and in the gushing fervor of Nannie's gratitude and emotion the circle of gold, with its gleaming drop of light, found its way to her contract finger.

TWO days later Mrs. Nugent, clad in her lovliest clothes, called at the Nichols house. Mr. Nichols, with an obvious quickening of interest in the allurements of life himself admitted the glowing lady. Nannie was enraptured. In explaining who she was, Mrs. Nugent mentioned the fact that she was the mother of two sons, and that one of them had spoken pleasurably of acquaintance with Mr. Nichols and his daughter.

Nannie, adroitly hiding her left hand, blushingly admitted that she had met Newton, at which Mrs. Nugent looked slightly vacant. Mr. Nichols also enthusiastically assured her that they knew Newton, and that the boy as a furniture-mover and hanger of pictures was a "humdinger," which enconium Mrs. Nugent smilingly acknowledged—but the light of understanding was not in her eyes.

Had she remarked the fact of the

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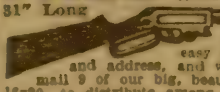

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twinship of her sons, and their pealike similarity of exterior, certain later embarrassments possibly might not have eventuated; but somehow when she looked at Mr. Nichols, she did not find it easy to state that she had borne twins. In truth, his round cheeks were so like red apples, and his bulging eyes dwelt upon her with such a glory of smiling admiration that she was delightfully flustered.

When she was departing, she assured Mr. Nichols and his daughter that she wished to waive all formality in welcoming them to Bragger Bend, and that she would esteem it a happiness to aid Nannie in meeting some of the nice young people of the town. In view of this she had thought of asking a few young folks to her house, informally, on the morrow evening. One of her sons could come over with the car and bring Miss Nannie. Would she like to come? Nannie assented rapturously, and Mrs. Nugent remarked sweetly to Mr. Nichols that he also might come, if he liked, and they would sit and talk while the young people enjoyed themselves. Mr. Nichols, exuding radiance, accepted.

At dinner that evening Mrs. Nugent set forth what she had planned. At first blush the sons acclaimed the prospective gathering with wild delight, then fell embarrassed. Mrs. Nugent studied their faces.

"I take it that both of you have met the Ripple Ford gentleman and his daughter; one or the other of you can take my electric and bring Miss Nannie," she said.

"Well—er—Newton had beetter do it. I've really only met the family—er—casually, as it were," said Nathan. "I'll bring Susie Swank, and Jack Craig can bring Lulu Lamb."

Newton fetched a deep breath of relief. "All right," he agreed, "I'll look after Miss Nichols." He chewed his food very fast and did not look up.

The threads of the affair fell into a more complicated snarl from that time forward. The next night but one, Newton brought Nannie to his mother's party with a great deal of inner disquiet, for he intuitively felt peril in the situation. But sooner or later it had to be faced. However, the egotism which is natural to the male of every species came to his aid; surely, he thought, even if Nathan were precisely like him, Nannie would sense the difference in their souls, and Newton felt his own soul very large and wonderful as his enraptured gaze fed upon Nannie, now dazzling in her evening clothes.

"I am anxious to meet your brother," she said suddenly. "What is he like?"

Newton wriggled about uneasily. "Oh, he's a nice chap, but he's—he's not very bright. Lots of folks like him, tho; of course, he looks a good deal like me naturally."

When they arrived, Mrs. Nugent took charge of Nannie and graciously presented her to the guests, while Newton slipped off to his room to straighten his tie and touch up his pompadour. Nathan, too, being abashed by the suddenly realized fact that now he must meet Nannie face to face after having deceived her, slipped away and lurked guiltily in a shadowy corner of the conservatory, dreading the ordeal. There Nannie, timidly searching for Newton, since the other couples had gone to dancing, came upon Nathan. With a little gasp of joy she nestled against him.

"Naughty boy," she half whispered, "trying to get me away from the others even before we've danced!"

Nathan sank down upon the settee with his arm about her, grinning, but breathing hard. "I—er—you see, we—of course I didn't quite—quite——"

She looked at him curiously. "What is the matter, Newton? What makes you act so strangely?"

"Wh—er—I feel sort of faint and dizzy, you know. I—er—it's awfuf, but you see I—er—things are not just exactly as they seem——"

NEWTON suddenly stood in the doorway looking at them. His eyes flamed with mingled surprise and anger. Nathan reddened and laughed weakly, and Nannie looked from one twin to the other and gave forth a scream of terror. When one sees double, it is always disconcerting; yet if the two objects seen are side by side it is not so bad; but if one of the objects is tittering on a settee beside you, and the same object is glaring at you from a doorway some twelve feet away, then visions of insane asylums arise. Nannie, however, was not for the moment clearly conscious of visions of any sort, so dizzying was the shock; she simply closed her eyes tight, stood still and continued to scream.

Help came, help in abundance—every one in the big Nugent house, including the servants. There were angry protestations, shrill explanations, wild apologies, hot appeals, and finally gales of laughter, and most of the young people went back to their dancing. Many a situational faux pas had before arisen from the similarity of the Nugent brothers, affording merriment, but this was rather the best. So the dancers agreed. But not so Nannie and Newton and Nathan; perplexity was as a nightmare upon them. To be sure, Nannie's attention was called to the fact that Newton and Nathan were not entirely the same—there was the mole behind Newton's ear! But what is a small mole in the eyes of love? Adoring Newton, she also adored Nathan, for they were as one and the same thing. And Nathan, alas, was as enamored of Nannie as was Newton!

"What shall I do?" wailed Nannie, prompted in her distress to rush into the arms of both the brothers at once for comfort.

Mr. Nichols, who had arrived in his car and who, tho deeply concerned, had smiled affably thru it all, now looked at Mrs. Nugent with a gravity that even his pink cheeks and the pink rose in the lapel of his coat could not dispel. Mrs. Nugent returned the look with an expression eloquent of the shrinking of one slipping into an abyss. But Newton cut the Gordian knot with one stroke of the tongue.

"But she is engaged to me! That ring upon her finger is from me!" he cried.

"That settles it," declared Nathan with a heavy sigh, turning away.

"Yes, that settles it," smiled Mr. Nichols.

"Of course, that settles it," said Mrs. Nugent, and the father of the girl and the mother of the boy blessed their children and shook hands with each other and felt better.

But it did not settle it. As the days progressed, Nannie alternated between bliss and despair, for tho she felt that her love was divinely large, its golden fabric seemed to strain almost to bursting when the two loved ones were present; besides, much of the time she was not sure if she were in the arms of her fiance or his brother; and further, she was aware that she had no moral or legal right to marry more than one, polyandry at the present day being a penitentiary offense. Barton Bliss heard of this and smiled more hopefully. As for Newton and Nathan, every day they came dangerously near to blows; one house did not seem large enough for them both. So Nathan sacrificed himself; in truth, he had to, because Newton's engagement ring was on Nannie's finger.

Then one day Nathan went away to the mountainous West. Before he started, Nannie cried a little upon his breast, and Newton permitted it. He could afford to be generous, of course.

"Mother says I am the oldest by thirty minutes," said Nathan mournfully, "and the older ones should sacrifice for the younger!"

Nannie cried harder at these heroic words, but with a sense of relief she permitted Nathan to go. Then, in due course, he became a sheep-herder in the mountains of Wyoming, choosing as lonely a task as he could find, for what was the use of sacrificing oneself if one couldn't suffer? But suffering is and always was tiresome, and a life that is a sort of combination of the cloistral and nomadic is apt to be disliked by youth. Nathan soon came to hate the nibbling sheep and the heavly silence and the dull brown mountains. Then one day when the supplyman brought him a letter from his mother saying that Newton and Nannie were to be married at the end of two weeks, and that she felt it to be sad and pitiful that Nathan could not be present at the wedding, he slammed the job into the supplyman's face and started for home. The strangling grip of nostalgia upon his heart relaxed as, after an eighteen-hour walk, he saw a railroad track and a weather-beaten station before him. He was astonished that a railroad track could be such a beautiful thing. Exuberantly he sent from the station a dispatch to his mother which said:

"Am on way home to wedding."

Innocent as appeared those pretty words, they were as high-power explosive in the Nugent home. Newton raved wildly that everything was going to be wrecked and ruined by Nathan's coming, and Mother Nugent wept with mingled fear and joy at the prospect of again beholding her first born. It ended by Newton hurling himself away to the Nichols home with the telegram in his clinched fist.

"Look at this! We've got to get out of here and be married somewhere else!" he cried when he reached Nannie's side.

Nannie was only mildly perturbed. "Why, I'd rather like to see Nathan," she said. "Of course, it cannot matter now, since my mind is really made up."

Newton groaned and clutched his fingers in his hair to tear it out by the roots, but wisely refrained. "Nathan coming home to the wedding! Why, you won't know which of us to marry! We've got to get away from here to be married, and stay away if he lives here! Why couldn't the boob stay with the sheep and not come here, anyhow?"

Nannie patted him lovingly and grinned. "Nathan was made the goat, you know, and a goat doesn't always like to run with sheep," she cooed. "I wouldn't mind having him around."

Newton snarled at her like a tiger that receives a poke in the ribs with a hot iron. "Well, we are going to get out of here. We are going on the night train to Roseburg and be married the next morning—that's what we are going to do, if you marry me!"

"You mean we are going to—to elope? Oh, I've always wanted to run away and get married! How fine!" Nannie hugged the exasperated twin in rapture. He straightway became mollified.

"Yes. Let's see—day after tomorrow night on the one-forty-five train west. That will give you time to get ready. Better pack two suitcases——"

"And my little handbag——"

"Yes, for we may have to stay away——"

"Two or three days——"

"Forever, if that boob brother of mine sticks around here! Is there a ladder some place around your house?"

"Yes, back by the garage."

"All right, I'll get you about 1 o'clock day after tomorrow night. Keep it mum."

"Keep it mum."

THEY did keep it mum, but fate behaved perversely that historic night. In the Nichols home Nannie kissed her father good night lingeringly and sadly and went to her room. She wrote a note for him placed it on a table, then feverishly packed two suitcases and a handbag and sat down by the window and waited—many years, it seemed to her.

Over in the home of the Nugents, Newton also wrote a note, stating his intentions and reasons, and placed it conspicuously on a dresser; then, having previously packed his "grip," he stretched himself upon his bed and made it squeak, that his mother and the servants might believe he had retired for the night. But alas, Newton was young and healthy, and youth and health crave sleep, and ere the midnight hour Newton sank into slumber, down and down into a velvet the nap of which was miles deep. And Nannie waited by her moonlit window years and years—it seemed to her.

At exactly 11:47 that night Nathan came in from the West, ten hours ahead of the time expected. At 12:15 he was at his mother's house. The dwelling was entirely dark, save a faint light in Newton's room. It seemed to Nathan an offensive thing to come home when not expected and ring them out of their beds; so he fished a latchkey from his wallet and slipped in and up the stairs to his room as one treading on feathers.

Wondering what the dim light meant, he peeped in his brother's room. Newton lay asleep on his bed fully dressed, his cap and traveling-bag beside him, and snoring. Nathan marveled. His inquiring eye finally fell upon the explanatory note stuck prominently beside the mirror of the dresser. He possessed himself of it and read, illumination coming slowly but definitely.

"Why the snoring snoozer was going to run away with Nannie at 1:45, and all on account of me! And he fell asleep! Nannie must be waiting!" He stood thinking dizzily, his pulses pounding in his ears above the rhythmic rise and fall of Newton's suspirations. Suddenly he tiptoed away, and with his traveling-bag in hand softly descended the stair and went out into the moonlit night. When at a safe distance from the house, he cackled with wild laughter. Twelve minutes later, he coughed softly beneath Nannie's window.

A sibilant, "Is that you?" came down to him.

He cupped his hands about his mouth

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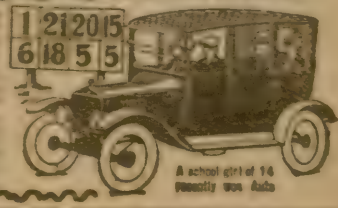

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and whispered back: "Yes—where's the ladder?"

"Over there by the garage!" came down to him in a loud whisper.

He secured the ladder and carefully placed it at Nannie's window and ascended. Nannie seized him about the neck and kissed him, breathing endearments in his ear. When they were upon the ground, Nathan gathered up the luggage as best he could and stumbled down a back path and out thru a gate into an alley. Out of the alley he hurried, panting with his burden of luggage. Nannie was at his heels, her big eyes gleaming with joy of the adventure.

"It's lucky the station is only three blocks away, with all this truck!" gasped Nathan, halting to rest.

"Now, Newton, you poor dear, let me have the smallest of the suitcases!" begged Nannie. "This handbag of mine has only my—well, some lingerie, in it! I can carry two!"

Nathan protestingly yielded the smaller of the suitcases to the girl. He would reveal his identity at the proper time. The joke on Newton was going to be tremendous! They finally sank down upon a bench in the shadow in a little park not far from the station. There they cooed and whispered and waited.

Presently the train west drew in. The elopers scrambled aboard a chaircar ahead of the Pullmans and began pantingly settling themselves. Almost every one in the coach seemed snoring. Then Nannie gasped in consternation; she had left her handbag on the seat in the little park! Her lingerie and rouge and powder-puff and—she fluttered like a stricken bird, and Nathan also fluttered, then flew. When he had been gone two or three minutes, the train began to move. Nannie, wild-eyed and fearful, thrust her head out a window and looked back. In the dim light she described some one with a bag darting across the platform and swinging up the steps of the last Pullman. All was well. She drew a great inhalation and settled back in her seat.

"My how lucky!" she thought.

But was it? Instead of Newton, as she believed, it was not even Nathan that caught the last Pullman, but Barton Bliss, on his way to the State capital in the interest of a client. Nathan, gamely enough, secured Nannie's precious bag, but after chasing the train a block or more down the track, gave it up. That specific portion of the railroad yards was immediately vocal with profanity, loud breathing and excoriations of luck and fate. An hour later the youth, perspiring with anxiety, boarded a freight train and was on his way to Roseburg. And back in the dim chamber of his mother's home Newton slept on, dead alike to the troubles of love and elopements.

Barton Bliss made his way thru the hushed Pullmans and into the chair-car. Almost at the moment of his entrance the conductor of the train stood before Nannie. "Ticket, please," he said, extending a hand from which a car-coupling years before had clipped two fingers.

Nannie fidgeted and bit her nether lip. "I'm going to Roseburg," she stammered. "My—my friend went back after my—my bag. He jumped on the rear of the last coach—I saw him; he'll be here in a minute and—and fix it."

"All right," assented the official, adjusting his silver lantern in the elbow of his left arm. Nannie rolled her big eyes expectantly toward the rear door of the coach. Not three seats away Barton Bliss was standing in the aisle looking at her! The light of pleased expectancy in her eyes flashed to fright, and she clapped her hand upon her mouth to keep from screaming. The young attorney turned and went out the door, beckoning the conductor. Upon the vestibuled platform he drew the conductor close to him.

"I'm the chap that jumped on the rear end," he said, "but I'm not her friend—that is, not the friend she's looking for. He got left, I'm certain, for I saw a wild lunatic chasing the train down thru the yards. He was some sprinter, but couldn't make it, and quit. He had a small bag in his hand, I think. Here's a twenty for the girl's fare. Man alive, take it! Keep the change or throw it out the window, as you like! She's my—my stepsister, and we've quarreled; we never could get along, anyhow; we don't speak, you see; it's all about the fool way the property was left in the will, you know."

"U-m-m, I see," winked the conductor. "Go in the smoking-compartment of the Pullman, there; maybe I'll bring you the change." Passing by Nannie's seat a moment later, he paused. "Your stepbrother, back there, paid your fare," he smiled. "He gave me a twenty; there's twelve dollars and three cents change to be returnd. He's in the Pullman somewhere; guess he's gone to bed. He said for me to keep the change, but, of course, I couldn't do that. I'll leave it here on the seat beside you; probably you can hand it to him. If you don't, of course, it won't matter, since you are his sister." He passed on, smiling to himself.

NANNIE sat gasping angrily; she spread her handkerchief over the money and let it lie. After a time tears crept into her eyes, and she folded the handkerchief about the money and slipped it into her bosom. She at once felt better.

As the glory of morning washed in a yellow flood across Bragger Bend, the telephone in Mrs. Nugent's room awakened her. Mr. Nichols was at the other end of the wire, his suspenders dangling on his hips, his face covered with lather preparatory to shaving.

"The maid has just found a note in Nannie's room, saying she was running off with Newton to get married! Can you beat it?" he spluttered.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Nugent. "Hold the wire a moment, please!" One minute later she resumed excitedly: "Why, Newton is in his room here. I just wakened him! He is tearing around, tho, like everything! I don't know what is wrong with him!"

There was an emphatic silence at the other end of the wire for a time; then Mr. Nichols' voice came explosively: "Well, by George, Nannie has gone! She didn't sleep in her bed! I wonder who the devil has run away with her, anyhow!"

"Wait a moment, please; here is a telegram a servant has brought in!" A silence ensued; then Mrs. Nugent in a shaking voice said: "It is to me from Round Rock, up the line. It says: 'Was eloping with Nannie, but she got away from me. Am pursuing her on freight train. Hope to overtake and marry her at Roseburg.' Tell Mr. Nichols, and don't worry.' It is signed by Nathan!"

Then all the synonyms that express amazement formed an alternating current upon the wire, ending in swift agreement between the agitated parents of the eloping pair to go to Roseburg at once. As Mrs. Nugent hung up the receiver, Newton lunged into the room, disheveled and with traveling-bag in hand. His mother thrust Nathan's telegram before him. "What does that mean?" she cried.

Newton read. "She's gone! I fell asleep! If I can only catch the morning train!" he gasped—and was gone, plunging down the stair and out the front door and away toward the station. At the end of another thirty-five minutes an excited widow and widower also sped westward, spurning all road laws with Mr. Nichols' high-powered car.

Just at dawn Nannie arrived at Roseburg and timidly got down from her train. A porter helped her into a motorbus, accompanied by her luggage; and not knowing what else to do, she went to a hotel. Newton certainly would follow. In her room she had a sad time, again waiting seemingly years and years. Some one had a tempting breakfast sent up to her, but she could not eat. A solicitous gentleman had arrived at the hostelry and had taken a room near Nannie's, but his presence was clothed in silence and mystery.

Thereafter in due time Newton's train arrived. In haste and anxiety he descended to the station platform and looked wildly about him. Nathan was climbing down the ladder of a box-car of a freight train that had just pulled in on a siding. The twins glared at each other with vulpine ferocity. Within a half-hour they had found Nannie's hotel and almost together burst into her room, each one loudly asserting priority of privilege and proprietorship. Nannie forthwith went into a transport of indecision that verged on hysteria.

"What am I to do? How can I marry you both?" she cried, and flung herself hopelessly upon a sofa and buried her face in her arms, weeping.

THE Nugent brothers stood respectively at the head and foot of the sofa and looked malevolently at each other. Nathan's gaze seemed to say: "This contemptible business is all your fault for looking like me! You ought to be ashamed!" And Newton's eyes seemed to shout in return: "What did you come back here for, anyhow? Why didn't you stay with the sheep where you belong? I can't help it because you were bound to be a twin and look like me!" Then they both spoke to Nannie coaxingly.

Nannie beat the sofa with her little hands tempestuously. "Go away, both of you!" she sobbed. "One of you went to sleep and let me run off with the wrong man; and the other was going to marry me while I thought he was somebody else! Go away!"

The doorknob turned softly but decisively, and Barton Bliss walked in. Somehow to Nathan and Newton his shoulders looked very broad and his chin dauntingly firm. He strode straight to Nannie's side and lifted her to her feet. "Come on, sweetheart; this farce has gone far enough," he said.

Nannie gazed up into his face for a moment thru her tears, then clung to him. He unceremoniously pulled Newton's ring from her finger, tossed it thru an open window and placed his own ring in its stead.

"You young gentlemen, I take it, are thru. The door is there," he said, and Nathan and Newton walked out.

Near the head of the great stair they paused and regarded each other oddly. "War with Germany was declared by Congress yesterday," remarked Nathan.

"Yes," said Newton, "I was just thinking of that."

"All right, we know where to go."

"Yes, we know where to go."

Thus thru defeat, as is sometimes decreed, they were made victors and of service to the world. As side by side they went down the broad stair they beheld their mother and Mr. Nichols, dusty and anxious, looking up toward them.

"Where is Nannie?" demanded Mr. Nichols as they met.

"Up there with Barton Bliss," said Nathan casually.

"Yes, she's all right. They've made up," commented Newton with ponderous indifference.

"Yes, we are on our way to enlist," remarked Nathan, dryly. "We are going to war."

The widow and widower looked at each other oddly thru a few seconds. "So are we," said Mr. Nichols. "We enlisted in each other's service down the road here about thirty minutes ago!" And he laughed as he drew Mrs. Nugent nearer to himself.

"Mother, dear, how grand! Now it is all right, and we can go!" cried the twins, and they kissed her.

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

(Continued From Page 11)

"Not at all," replied Doctor Kirkland, his shrewd eyes twinkling.

"It makes one think of the two masters in Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors'—or would you say the two Dromios?"

"No, the masters by all means. Will Lowrie is no fool, and you resemble him far too closely in other respects for us to have any doubts in regard to your mentality."

"Sir, you are an excellent judge of character."

"And of mentality. I specialize on psychopathology."

"That sounds serious. I trust that I have shown no dangerous symptoms."

"Wait until I have completed my diagnosis," rallied the physician in turn. "Sanity is a matter of perfect psychological balance. Perfect balance is an impossibility. Consequently we are all more or less insane."

"Yourself included, as is proved by your belief in such a mad doctrine."

"My dear—Clinton," chuckled the physician. "You have wit, whether or not you have lost your wits. Come inside."

The guest stepped into the reception hall, and found himself in a well-furnished, comfortable home. The rooms were bright with the mellow radiance of indirect electric lighting. The little housemaid appeared, to take the guest's hat and show him up the broad stairway to his room.

When he came down he found his host and hostess waiting for him in the drawing-room. The doctor still wore his professional frock coat. As he rose to meet his guest the maid announced dinner. Miss Ellen was not with her parents.

Mrs. Kirkland chatted familiarly with Clinton as she led him into the dining-room. She observed him look at the housemaid with amused expectancy.

"No," she remarked, quick to catch his thought. "Mary will not be calling you Mr. Lowrie. She was not with us when you—when Will left."

"And Miss Kirkland!" he asked. "Have you convinced her?"

The lady smiled the least bit forcedly. "Have no fear. Ellen now knows the truth."

"That is good. I can understand how it must have seemed to her. I wonder if you can realize my embarrassment? Think of a young lady mistaking one for her fiance!"

"Good joke that," put in the physician. "How many kisses!"

"Ward!" reproved his wife.

THEY entered the dining-room, the lady indignant, her husband chuckling and the guest a trifle constrained. Ellen stood at the far side of the oval table arranging the lilies in the center. She was pale and her eyelids were slightly swollen. When she looked up and saw Clinton across from her she did not blush. If anything she became still more pale. He was quick to ob-

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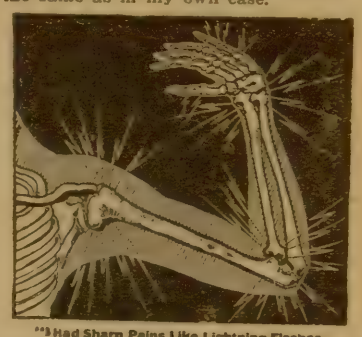

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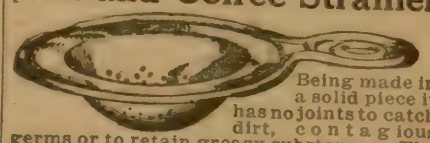

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serve her quite unnatural appearance.

"I am very sorry, Miss Kirkland," he murmured. "It must have been quite a shock.'

"You must not blame yourself," she replied. "It was simply that I did not understand. Now, you see, I am quite over my—excitement." She smiled uncertainly at her father. "Between courses papa can give me a sedative suggestion."

"Do you really use suggestion in your practice?" Clinton inquired of the physician as they seated themselves.

"Suggestion—little else," replied Doctor Kirkland. "You must bear in mind my specialty. Not but what, in time, the entire profession will be using suggestion as promiscuously as the Christian Scientists."

"How the Scientists would be scandalized if they heard you!" said Mrs. Kirkland. "The slightest intimation that their treatment is related in any way to suggestion——"

"There is no matter; therefore everything is immaterial; therefore it is immaterial what they think," solemnly reasoned the physician.

"Isn't it?" queried Clinton.

"It is not immaterial," his host flatly contradicted himself. "What they think—what any one thinks—is exceedingly material. 'As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.' For instance, you think you are a certain personality named Richard Clinton."

"I not only think it. I know it."

"Do you know yourself? Do you know what you really are? Does any one know what he or she really is?"

"I at least have some idea who I am," replied Clinton, smiling.

"Some idea? You mean a small idea, an extremely small idea. Every day there are millions of pictures, myriads of sounds, being stored away in your subconscious mind. Of how many of these were you aware at the time and how many can you now recall? Only a few, a pitiful cupful out of the ocean. Conscious man is a glowworm crawling over the vast dark field of his subconscious mind."

"That to me is a new way of putting it," said Clinton. "A slowly crawling glowworm with its speck of light—But what of geniuses? If we ordinary consciousnesses are glowworms, are not the geniuses fireflies that can wing their way swiftly over their subconscious fields?"

"What a charming idea!" exclaimed Ellen, breaking her reserve to beam across at him. "The wings of fancy!"

"Even the strongest wings cannot carry the light all over the field," remarked her father. "There never is time enough for that in the swiftest and longest of lives. Also, in some cases, whether it is a firefly or merely a glowworm, the traveler—" he nodded banteringly at Clinton—"the traveler is stopped by insuperable barriers. Worse still, sometimes the light of the worm fails, and the field breeds another glowworm."

"You refer, I presume, to the odd cases known as double personality," remarked Clinton. "I must confess I hardly believe them possible."

"On the contrary," asserted Doctor Kirkland, "such cases are far more numerous than is commonly known. As I informed you, everybody is, strictly speaking, more or less insane."

"There he goes again!" put in Mrs. Kirkland. "We're all not quite ourselves!"

"Some are much less so than others," added her husband. "A few are not themselves at all. By the way, Mr. Clinton—to change the subject—I am interested in a small psychological experiment. It is to have one state, without pausing to think, the ideas suggested to him by a given word. Would you have any objections to my testing you?"

"None whatever."

Mrs. Kirkland and Ellen exchanged swift glances.

The physician smiled blandly. "Then if you'll answer quickly the ideas suggested by—bonds."

As he spoke the word he eyed his guest with intense keenness. The ladies involuntarily leaned forward to catch the answer. Clinton smiled and responded without a trace of hesitancy: "Bonds—cash, bank account, trip to California——"

"Enough, thank you," interrupted the physician, his eyes twinkling with complacent self-satisfaction.

"If there is any other word you wish to try I shall be pleased to answer," said the guest.

"No, that was the only one. My real purpose in using it was to fish in your subconsciousness."

"And you caught——"

"Merely a confirmation of certain optical impressions."

"May I ask why you spoke of bonds?"

Mrs. Kirkland interposed. "I fear that you would hardly be interested in the matter."

"Why mamma," said Ellen, "how could he be other than interested?"

"Perhaps, perhaps," qualified her father. He looked at the guest with a shrewd glance. "It is rather a private matter, Mr. Clinton."

"Then of course— Pardon my curiosity."

"We can trust you not to repeat what I tell you. Shortly before Will—Mr. Lowrie—accepted my advice to go to the sanitarium he was sent to Pueblo to negotiate for an issue of bonds. The parties whom he represented were allotted one hundred thousand dollars of the issue, and the bonds in that amount were delivered over to him. Soon afterward Charlie Bemm, who had run down to Pueblo in his touring car, came upon Will sitting in the station grounds. He had missed his train. Charlie took him in, suitcase and all, and brought him to Denver. Late that evening he came home with his suitcase, but without the bonds. He had not turned them in at the bank, and he could not remember what he had done with them. Except for a vague recollection of riding with Charlie and of wandering thru City Park, he could remember nothing since early that morning. The bonds have not yet been found."

"Still missing?" remarked Clinton. "That rather puts your friend in a box, even if no one questions his loss of memory."

"I gave him certain psychological tests, and reported the result to the bank," said Doctor Kirkland. "The officials profess to be satisfied as to Will's innocence. They made no objection to his going east to the sanitarium selected by me."

"Has he never recalled what he did with the bonds?"

"Not to our knowledge. Worry over their loss induced such alarming psychological conditions that the great specialist in charge of the sanitarium prescribed an absolute change. He has been temporarily cut off from everything related to his life here. The last report received by me was that he had been sent abroad in the care of one of the staff. Since then we have heard nothing."

"There is the saying, 'No news is good news,'" remarked Clinton.

"If only we could believe that!" sighed Mrs. Kirkland. "Do you wonder that I was delighted when I saw you there at the depot, looking so strong and well?"

"Mistaking me for this unfortunate Mr. Lowrie," sympathetically replied Clinton.

"Is Amy to be out?" abruptly inquired Doctor Kirkland.

"I do not think so," answered Ellen. "She was expecting Charlie Bemm this evening. Mamma tried to 'phone her but could not get the connection."

"She probably was out in the garden and old Tillie with her," remarked Mrs. Kirkland.

Ellen smiled across at the guest. "Dear Amy! She took along a trowel today and brought home a basketful of mountain flowers. She is even more daft over the garden than she was last year. You remember the rose plot——"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Kirkland, "you are actually forgetting that Mr. Clinton is not himself—I mean, not Will."

The physician had drawn out his watch. "I must return to the sanitarium. If you can keep Mr. Clinton entertained I shall be back soon—7:30 or 8."

He was up and away with his usual briskness.

CHAPTER IV.
HIMSELF.

LEFT alone with the ladies, the guest smiled consolingly.

"A doctor has a hard life," he remarked. "But there is the realization that it is one of the noblest of callings. It once appealed to me very strongly."

"To you?" asked Mrs. Kirkland in evident surprise.

"I remember, mamma," said Ellen. "He told me."

"Told you?" queried Clinton.

The girl did not blush or look confused, as he expected. She turned slightly paler and her eyes clouded. "Pardon me," she replied, "I referred of course to Mr. Lowrie."

"You see, your wonderful resemblance causes us continually to forget," murmured Mrs. Kirkland, and she tactfully changed the conversation to impersonal topics.

A few minutes later they left the table and went in to what Mrs. Kirkland aptly termed the living-room. With a matter-of-course bearing Ellen at once seated herself at the piano and began to search in her music cabinet. Mrs. Kirkland excused herself to Clinton and went out a side doorway. Owing to the twisted corner of a rug the door did not close fast. A draft swung it ajar as Clinton drew back farther from the girl and seated himself on the chair at the far side of the doorway.

He leaned back at ease and quietly took in the tasteful unpretentiousness of his surroundings. Ellen continued her search thru the thick piles of music in the cabinet. She had made three or four selections and was looking for others when the muffled, broken murmur of a woman's voice came to Clinton thru the narrow opening of the door. He was not in a position to see thru the crack, but there could be no doubt that Mrs. Kirkland was at a telephone some distance away, probably at the end of a narrow passage.

Only disjointed fragments of her talk were audible:

"Amy . . . alone? . . . How shall I tell you! . . . this afternoon . . . dined . . . No, no! . . . looks splendid, but . . . not Will. Not the slightest remembrance . . . must not despair . . . Yes, I'm certain, if any one can cure him . . . be prepared . . . believes himself . . . Clinton——"

As he realized that he was listening to talk that had reference to himself, the young man thrust out his hand to close the door. The sound attracted the attention of Ellen. She looked about at the guest, the corners of her perfect mouth drooping.

"You do not offer to turn the pages for me," she reproached.

"I am sorry—I cannot read music," he said, but he sprang up and hastened to the corner of the piano.

"You cannot read music?" she asked incredulously

"Not a note. Perhaps if you will give me some sign when to turn I may be able to help."

"No; unless you—it does not matter," she murmured. "I will play from memory—another——"

She bent over the keyboard and began to play something soft and low that ran into eerie minor notes. He stood at the corner of the piano gazing down at her with a look of frank enjoyment. She was undoubtedly beautiful and she played well.

When she looked up her eyes were suffused with tears, but there was eager expectancy in her glance. In his eyes was only the politely reserved admiration of a stranger. Her lips began to quiver. A tear overflowed and ran down her white cheek. She bowed forward with her face in her hands, sobbing in an uncontrollable outburst of grief.

He was overcome with consternation. "Miss Kirkland! I—what can I have

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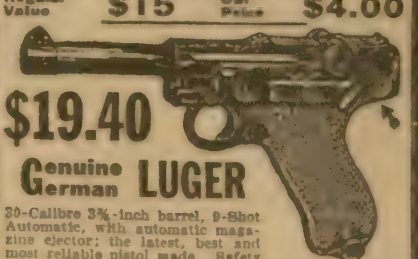

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done? Believe me, I would not for anything——"

"It's—it's n-not what you've done!" she sobbed. "It's what y-you've not done!"

"What I've not done?" he asked "If only you'll tell me!"

"You don't even remember it—our favorite!" she cried.

"You mean—surely you cannot expect me to remember something I never—— It's not possible you still believe that I am not myself."

"But it's—it's you who deny it; you who——" She looked up at him, her tear-streaming eyes full of pitiful entreaty. "Oh, Will! won't you please try to remember who you are?"

"But I have told you," he protested. "I am not Mr. Lowrie. It is absurd for you to persist in this—this delusion."

"Delusion?" she exclaimed. "Absurd for me—when it is you—you!"

"Miss Kirkland, pray be calm. I assure you that I am Richard Clinton. I can easily prove that I——"

"Look!" she interrupted, holding up her slender left hand, on which sparkled the diamond of a single ring. "Try to think! You must remember; you cannot have forgotten about——" A rosy blush swept down over her pale face—"about when you put it there, dear!"

"Good heavens!" he muttered. "How can I convince her? Miss Kirkland, I beg you to believe me. Had I thought that my fancied resemblance to your fiance——"

"Fancied!" she echoed.

About her slender neck was a fine gold chain, from which an oval locket hung pendant on her heaving bosom. She caught up the locket and touched the spring. The jeweled front of the locket opened. Within was a miniature painting.

"Who is this—tell me, who is this?" she asked.

TO SEE the miniature it was necessary that he should bend down close to the blushing girl. His own face flushed with embarrassment, but he seated himself on the end of the bench and leaned over with his square jaw beside her rounded white shoulder. Had he looked only at the girl it would not have been surprising.

As it chanced, however, the young man glanced first at the miniature. At once the incredulity of his expression gave place to surprise and perplexity. He leaned over for a closer look, his cheek only a few inches from the cheek of the girl. Except for a certain pinched look about the nose, the absence of the mustache and a marked thinness of jaw and cheek, the face in the miniature was his own—it was his face as it might look in ill health. The blue eyes were a trifle lighter in tint and the brown hair a shade darker—differences that might well be owing to the artist's lack of perfect skill.

The young man drew back, his face clearly expressive of his astonishment. "It is a—most remarkable resemblance, Miss Kirkland. I no longer wonder that you were deceived at the first, and this continued delusion on your part can, no doubt, be accounted for by the intensity of that first impression."

"You still refuse to believe!" she cried. "You do not recognize your own picture! Can nothing make you remember?"

"It is because I remember with perfect clearness who I am that I must refuse to believe I am some one else, even when you urge me," he smilingly replied. "It is not uncommon for a man to pretend to be another person, in order to deceive others, but I never heard of any one trying to deceive himself that way."

"I do not want you to try to deceive yourself," replied the girl, dabbing her tearful eyes with a bit of lace. "All I ask is that you will try to remember who you really are."

"I have tried to convince you of my identity, but it seems to me breath wasted. My intention was to give you some of the details of my life during the last year or two."

"That would be quite useless. Mamma explained that you are suffering from double personality, and I remember papa's once telling me that in such casesthe memory often is distorted and confused. But papa will soon cure you of your delusions."

"He shall not have the chance," declared the young man, unable to conceal his annoyance. "I will leave town tonight."

"O-o-oh! . . . But if papa proves to you this evening that you are my—our Will?"

"There is no possibility of that. It is absurd even to speak of it. To admit it is only to encourage you in this unfortunate delusion."

"But I can't help believing that you—and if the proofs really show that you are you, then you must be willing to believe them."

He could no longer resist her insistence. "Very well," he agreed. "I promise to believe the proofs. Will you do the same?"

"Of course! Don't I know already? You, too, will be convinced!"

Radiant with delight, the girl turned to the piano and dashed into a brilliant selection from Chopin. The music covered the sound of the opening front door from the hall beyond the drawing-room. Presently Charlie Bemm appeared, unannounced, in the arched entrance of the drawing-room. There was a pink carnation in the lapel of his coat, but, faithful to his promise to Mrs. Kirkland, he was still in afternoon dress.

His gray-brown eyes shone with shallow brilliancy as they rested upon the couple at the piano. Clinton had risen. He stood gazing down at Ellen Kirkland with an air of attentive admiration easy to mistake for something deeper and more serious. Bemm sauntered over to a bookcase. Tho he made no noise, Clinton glanced along the room and perceived him. The girl, no less alert, raised her head and saw the look of recognition in the face of her companion. A swift side glance showed her the fastidious figure of Bemm.

"Oh, it's you, Charlie!" she cried. "Then he remembers you!" She looked at the guest, her eyes dark with gentle reproach. "Will! how can you remember him and not me?"

He smiled ruefully. "A woman unconvinced against her will——"

"I am convinced of my Will," she corrected. "You cannot deny that you remember Charlie."

"Certainly not. I met Mr. Bemm this afternoon down at the station. He will tell you it was the first time we have ever met."

"Er—now, I'm not quite so sure of that, y'know," said Bemm.

"You see!" triumphantly exclaimed the girl. "Of course it could not be the first time, when you and Charlie have been such friends for the last three years. Now you must admit, that you are yourself."

He smiled. "You'd have the right to consider me quite beside myself if I admitted what you mean when you say I am myself."

"One thing is sure," sagely remarked Bemm. "You're certainly not yourself if you deny you're not yourself. You can't be some one else, because, if you were, you are not—not quite—you know what."

Clinton burst into a laugh so infectious that first Bemm and then Ellen joined in.

"My dear," remarked Mrs. Kirkland, quietly entering at the side door. "Good evening, Charlie. What is it you find so very amusing?"

"Such a joke, mamma! It is about Will being himself."

"Will?" queried the lady, with a delighted glance at the guest.

He met her gaze with a semi-comic look. "Miss Kirkland still insists that I am not myself. I certainly will not be much longer, if you join her and Mr. Bemm in trying to convince me I'm not."

"In my opinion," replied Mrs. Kirkland, "it will be as well for Ellen to finish the selection she was playing."

"Mamma!" protested the girl. "You cannot mean that you——"

"Your papa asked us to entertain our guest until his return. If Mr. Clinton does not find music a bore——"

"Not your daughter's playing!" disclaimed Clinton.

Ellen met her mother's glance, and at once continued her Chopin. She was still playing when her father burst in upon them.

"Good medicine," he commented. "Nothing better than music to stir dormant associations, unless it is odors. Go on. Don't let me stop you."

His daughter began again the passage that he had interrupted. He sat down close beside his wife and looked meditatively at the backs of the two young men, who stood on each side of the girlish musician.

"You 'phoned Amy?" he asked.

"Yes. She is fully prepared. She would have flown out to see him here—the dear girl! But I explained your wish to see what would be the effect on him of coming home and first seeing her there. If only Mrs. Lowrie were home too! He is extremely fond of his stepmother."

CHAPTER V.

WELCOME HOME.

THE playing ceased. Doctor Kirkland rose and advanced upon the group at the piano.

"One moment, Ellen," he said. "Two young men at a time is one too many. I am going to run off with Mr. Clinton."

"Papa."

"If he will take a little spin with me."

"We might all go together."

"Haven't time to wait for you. Must return to the sanitarium within an hour."

"But why take away—take him away now?"

"He will be interested to meet Amy."

"Of course. How stupid of me! But if you're hurried, papa, Charlie can take us down in his car."

"To be sure," agreed Bemm.

"If Mr. Clinton has no objections, I prefer to take him myself, at once."

"I can take him, and you could follow with the ladies," suggested Bemm with an eagerness that won a look of surprise from Mrs. Kirkland, but which passed unnoticed by the others.

"I said that I prefer to take Mr. Clinton myself," stated the physician.

"May I ask—" began that young man.

"Certainly, certainly. I shall explain on the way down. Come. The ladies will soon follow us in Charlie's car."

"At once!" exclaimed Ellen.

"No," ordered her father, glancing at his watch. "Not before half an hour at least. Come, Mr. Clinton."

The guest stiffened at the peremptory tone of his host.

"Does it not strike you, sir, that this proceeding is rather odd?" he asked.

"It must indeed seem so to you, Mr. Clinton," replied Mrs. Kirkland. "But my husband will explain on your way down."

"I see," he rejoined, and he stared at the physician, his blue eyes bright with angry suspicion. "You are all under a delusion that I am daft—insane. You have spoken of a sanitarium. I have heard of supposedly insane persons being decoyed into institutions."

"Decoyed! You think I—" gasped the physician. He choked between indignation and mirth, and waggled his plump hand at his wife. "T-tell him—what—why!"

She smiled at the guest with unmistakable candor in her look. "We should have explained the situation to you at once," she said. "It is true we still doubt your identity. My husband considers that the quickest way to settle the matter is to take you home to your sister."

"Home? Sister?"

"You still— Very well, then—to see Miss Amy Lowrie. Your—pardon me—his mother is away, as I believe we told you at the depot. But even tho she is not there Amy will be certain to know you."

"She will know me for what I am—an absolute stranger to you all," he qualified.

"Oh, Will, please!" implored Ellen.

"We shall see, my dear," soothed her mother. "The moment he and Amy see each other there will no longer be any doubt of the truth."

"Then I shall be glad to go at once," said Clinton. "This misunderstanding is as embarrassing to me as I fear it is distressing to Miss Kirkland. The sooner it is settled the better."

"Do not follow for at least half an hour," Doctor Kirkland ordered the others as he went out with his guest.

At the curb he sprang into the front of his car and motioned to Clinton to seat himself in the tonneau. The moment they were aboard the car shot out into the street and whirred away much faster than the city speed limit. It ran north and west along the less frequented streets and avenues down into the older Capitol hill residence district.

Doctor Kirkland was silent and gave all his attention to his driving. From the rear seat Clinton watched him alertly. The physician slackened speed only once. It was at a crossing of a street car track near a large building not unlike a hospital. Clinton unlatched the door opposite the building, ready to jump and run. But no crowd of sanitarium attendants rushed out to seize him. The automobile rolled on across the car tracks and whirred away down the smooth road faster than ever.

A light high up against the starry, blue-black sky, outlined the dome of the capitol. Doctor Kirkland ran on to within a block of the capitol grounds

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and drew up before an old brick mansion.

"Here we are," he said, and he started in across the sidewalk without looking about at his passenger.

Clinton followed him at a more leisurely pace. As he came up into the old-fashioned porch an electric light suddenly glowed from the ceiling and the door swung open. A prim elderly woman peered out at the callers with vague, near-sighted eyes.

"Good evening, Tillie," said Doctor Kirkland, opening the screen door.

"I guessed it was your ring, doctor," said the woman, with the familiarity of an old servant. "Come right in—and the other gentleman, too. Miss Amy is just—my lands! if it ain't Mr. Will. Well, I never! Looking finer'n silk, too! Well, I am glad to see you home again, Mr. Will! I'll run at once and tell Miss Amy. She'll be most tickled to death!"

She left the visitors and hurried back along the narrow hallway, calling breathlessly: "Miss Amy! Miss Amy! Where are you? Lord bless us! Here's Mr. Will home again! Where are you? Here's Mr. Will! Where——"

"Will? Will! Oh, then he has come! Oh!" came a girlish shriek of delight in the hall above.

CLINTON had stepped inside, after Doctor Kirkland. Looking up at the turn of the stairs, he caught sight of two little slippered feet twinkling on the steps of the top flight. In a moment their owner swung around the turn and flew down the long, straight lower flight as if winged. The young man had a swift, vision of a graceful, animated little form with outflung arms, of a charming little dimpled face, of a pair of starlike brown eyes. Then the vision was at the foot of the stairs.

He drew back with what seemed to be instinctive reserve. Doctor Kirkland frowned and shot a glance from him to the girl. She had not paused. If in her excitement she perceived the young man's attempt to avoid her she disregarded it. From the foot of the stairs she darted past the physician to his companion. Clinton continued to draw back. He put out his hands as if to keep her away from him.

"Wait, wait!" he protested. "I must——"

But she had slipped between his hands and flung her arms around him. Her little bosom pressed so close against his coat that he could feel the beat of her joyously leaping heart; the crown of her fragrant, glossy brown hair touched his chin. From between his lapel and tie came a muffled cry of ecstatic delight: "Dear, dear Will!"

"I—I say, I——" he stammered, his face flushing crimson. He started to grasp the girl's shoulders, hesitated, and looked appealingly at Doctor Kirkland. "Good heavens! This—she does not realize! You must at once—I beg you!"

The girl flung back her head to beam up into his perturbed face.

"Oh, Will!" she exclaimed. "So that's it! You've an English accent, and you've learned horrid English manners at the same time. You're ashamed to hug me before Tillie and Doctor. You old silly!"

"It's not that—not—— You see I'm not at all what you——"

"You're a silly old bear!" she cried "The idea! As if it made any difference, their being here. Why, even if it was at the depot——"

She released her embrace, but it was only to clasp her arms around his neck and hold him fast while she reached up on tiptoe to kiss him. At the touch of her lips his flush deepened and he sought to thrust her away from him. His expression was a peculiar mixture of pleasure and shame.

"Doctor Kirkland," he begged, "you see that unless I use force—— You know I am not her brother!"

"Not Will!" cried the girl, and she burst into a merry laugh. "Just listen to that, Tillie. He says he's not Will. I'll show him." Again she stood on tiptoe and kissed him with joyous tenderness. "There, sir, take that! Now do you dare say you're not my brother?"

He had not tried very hard to avoid the caress, but a moment after it he drew her arms from about his neck and pushed her away with sudden determination.

"Miss Lowrie," he said, "I am ashamed of myself to let you——"

"'Miss Lowrie!'" she repeated in sudden consternation. "Then it's true what Mrs. Kirkland phones! Oh, dear! To think that my brother—— But it can't be! It can't!"

"I do not know what Mrs. Kirkland told you," he said. "The truth is that I am not your brother, and I——"

"Will!"

"Just try to imagine what it means to me coming here, an absolute stranger——"

"Oh, dear! Then it's true. You're not yourself. You've completely forgotten us all—even me!"

"I have forgotten nobody whom I know. I am Richard Clinton, and I must say this mess—" He stopped, gazed into Amy's eyes, and changed his tone: "However, if you wish me to stay, I believe I will."

The girl smiled with quickly recovered confidence. "You will stay? Then of course, it's all right."

"I told Miss Kirkland I would not stay. But now——"

"Ellen," she corrected. "Say, Ellen."

"Can you not understand, Miss Lowrie?" he said. "I have only become acquainted with Miss Kirkland this evening. I am not your brother. I am——"

"O-a-ah!" she reproached.

"I am Richard Clinton. So you see how wrong it would be to let you behave as if—that is, to allow you to—act as if I were your brother."

She peaked her eyebrows at the closely observant physician. "Isn't it horrid of him!" she pouted. "How long will it take to cure him?"

A telephone bell rang somewhere back of the hall. Doctor Kirkland watched Tillie go out to answer the call before he replied to the question: "How long will it take? He probably can bring on his proofs in a few days."

"Proofs? But that's no answer. I asked——"

"Yes, yes, sweetheart, I know. You see until he—h'm—I wonder if we could not agree on a compromise. Suppose we have an understanding that until Mr. Clinton——"

"Clinton!"

"——Mr. Clinton produces his proofs we are all to act as if he really is your brother."

"I must protest," interposed the young man. "It would be an imposture."

"But if we join in asking you to act the part?"

"I could not do it, either in justice to this young lady or to you and your family, sir."

"Of all the obstinate pigs!" cried Amy "You ought to know you're yourself, and yet you won't even pretend!"

"Is that quite fair, Miss Lowrie?" he asked. "How can I pretend to be your brother, when I know I am not?"

"How can we pretend you're not, when we know you are?" she enjoined.

Tillie poked her head in past the rear hall door. "Doctor," she called, "Missus Kirkland says to tell you you're wanted at once at the sani, and shall they come on down now?"

"Yes, yes," said the physician. As the woman disappeared, he stepped to the front door. "Must go at once, Amy. Be back again. Meantime, they're coming."

"Doctor—wait! I—" exclaimed Clinton.

But the physician rushed off unheeding; and the young man could not very well run after him with a determined young lady clinging to the tail of his coat.

CHAPTER VI.
SISTER AMY.

THE captive paused in the doorway and looked over his shoulder at the girl. She took a fresh grip on his coat and braced one little slippered foot against the door casing.

"Shall I have to call Tillie to help?" she inquired.

"No," he answered.

He stepped back into the hall. Quick as a flash, she slammed the door and locked it.

"Now will you be good?" she demanded, shaking the key at him teasingly.

"I promise not to run, if that is what you mean," he agreed, unable to resist her piquant smile. "But really, Miss Lowrie——"

"'Miss Lowrie!'"

"Was ever a man forced into so absurd a box!" he exclaimed. "Will you not be so kind as to let me explain just how it is?"

"I know already how it is far better than you do, if it's true what Mrs. Kirkland phoned.

"Then let me put it this way: I shall tell you just how the situation seems to me."

"Yes, do," she readily assented.

"Try to realize the box in which I find myself," he urged. "It seems to me that I am myself, that is, Richard Clinton. It seems to me that these pleasant people, the Kirklands, and Mr. Bemm——"

"Charlie! Didn't he know you, too, in spite of your mustache?"

Clinton threw up his hand in a gesture of hopelessness. "He thought he did, just as the rest of you."

"We don't think it; we know it. Go on. Tell me how it seems."

"You refuse to listen to me! Please try to realize how you would feel if you were taken to the house of an utter stranger and——"

"But you're not; you haven't been. You're home."

"I wish I were!" he vowed.

"You do? Oh, Will, that's the first sign. It shows you're coming to yourself."

"No, I do not wish I were home," he changed his mind. "I would be pleased to be here, if it were not for this exasperating mistake. I am pleased anyway, only it is not right that an utter stranger——"

"There you go again," she reproved.

"I am."

"You're not. It's only that you think you are. Does it really actually seem so?"

"Yes. Just try to imagine——"

"You poor dear boy!" she consoled, only to burst out with irrepressible mirth. "Oh, isn't it funny, Will? I hadn't thought of that! To be kissed by your own little sister, and she seems to be a strange young lady! What a joke! I believe I'll do it again."

She darted at him impetuously, her lips curved in a teasing smile, her dark eyes sparkling with mischief.

He flung out his hands in embarrassed alarm and held her away from him. "Miss Lowrie, I—believe me—I should consider it a very great privilege, but I cannot allow you, in justice to yourself."

"Fie, fie!" she teased. "Isn't he a fine brother, to come home after all these months with a beautiful, beautiful English mustache, and then not let his little sister kiss him?"

"If you were as sure I am not your brother as I am sure you are not my sister, it would be the other way around," he rejoined.

"But if you were as sure as I am," she replied, "we could settle down for a good old-time happy talk before they come. Honest and truly, doesn't it really seem to you like home?"

"It seems homelike, but not like my home, I am sorry to say," he answered, his eyes on her vivacious face.

"It's too ridiculous for anything, when you are home and here's me!" she exclaimed, affectionately squeezing the tips of the fingers that held her at arm's length from him. "It's simply silly—that's what I think. So can't you be good and at least make believe, as doctor asked?"

"But that would not be——"

"Yes, it would, it would. Please, now, won't you?—that's a dear boy! You know you never used to refuse me anything I asked—except when we were kiddies and I wanted to tag along when you went fishing. So won't you please make believe I am your sister, even if you can't remember that I am?"

"Miss Lowrie, I——"

"Please, please, please!"

"What if I should ask you to pretend you believe me to be Richard Clinton?"

"If I did, would you pretend to be yourself?"

"You mean your brother?"

"Yes."

"Very well, if you remember you are to think I am myself—Richard Clinton."

"Then it's a bargain." She stepped back a little way and struck an attitude of demure coyness. He looked at her, puzzled. "Well?" she murmured.

"Yes?" he inquired.

"You're reniging," she accused. "Am I not acting like a perfect stranger? But you're not making believe the least bit like a brother."

"You cannot mean that you expect me to—to——"

"Of course!" she pouted. "Are you going to renig?"

"I agreed to merely—that is— Anyway, you know, some brothers only kiss other men's sisters."

"You're not 'some brothers.' You're my brother. You always kiss me when you've been away."

He flushed. "You may be sure, Miss Lowrie, it is not because I do not wish to."

"Does a brother call his sister 'Miss Lowrie?' You always say 'Amy,' when you don't say 'Toodlums'."

He drew in a deep breath and murmured in a whisper: "Amy! The name is like you."

"Yes, short but sweet. Now are you, or are you not, going to renig?"

THE enticement of her lovely face and tender, teasing gaze was irresistible.

"No, I'm not!" he burst out, and he sprang forward to catch her head between his hands and press a kiss upon her demure mouth.

She slipped free and recoiled from him, with her face in her hands. From between her fingers came an indignant wail, "How—how dare you, sir? How dare you?"

"Miss Lowrie!" he cried, his face scarlet with mortification and self-anger. "It was despicable of me. I can never forgive myself for taking advantage of your—your playfulness."

"You can't?" she demanded, dropping her hands and peaking her eyebrows in unfeigned disappointment. "Well, I'll

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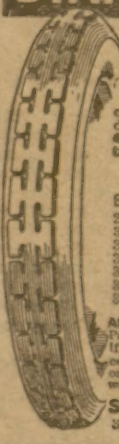

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"To oblige you, I tried to act like a brother, yet you——"

"I acted my part, didn't I? Wasn't that just what a young lady should do if kissed by a strange man?"

"Certainly, and it makes me realize what you must think of me."

She reflected on the transaction, and shook her dainty head. "Come to think, you did not do it naturally."

"What?"

"Do it like a brother. You were bearish enough, but you were rather too—too—well, not quite matter-of-fact enough—more as Charlie would do it."

He frowned. "You don't mean to say you've ever let that fellow Bemm kiss you?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she teased. "I shouldn't wonder if I did, just because you forbade me to encourage him."

"I forbade you?"

"Don't you remember? It was the very week before you went East."

"Miss—Amy," he reminded her, "you forget you are to pretend I am an utter stranger to you."

"A girl is privileged to change her mind. It will be so much better simply for you to keep on as my brother. That will be so much less confusing, you see. Won't it?"

"To you, no doubt. The trouble is that you will forget I am acting the part because you insist, and so, when you learn that I am not your brother, you will blame me for all this."

She drew close and gave him a soothing pat on the arm. "You poor dear! But doctor will soon clear away all the cobwebs. Now come in and we'll be cozy till they come. Remember, you are to think you are at home, even if it does not seem so. You've promised to make believe."

"You insist that I shall pretend?"

"Of course. You've promised to."

"Very well, then," he acquiesced. "It's as crazy as some plays, but since you insist, on your head be the consequences."

"Goody! The consequences shall be a new hat, which you are to buy for me just as soon as you discover who you are."

"That's a bargain," he said.

"It is?" she exclaimed, delightedly clasping his hand. "I should have known my dear old brother would want to see me in the very latest. Come on into the parlor."

She led him unresisting into the simply furnished room that opened off the hall.

"Everything's all mussed up," she chattered vivaciously. "Tillie says mamma had to rush off to go to auntie on the first train, and she has been helping me in the garden ever since I came home. You know, I believe it's as well mamma isn't here. It would hurt her so to have you. . . . But perhaps you wouldn't with her. Seeing her might cause you to remember, I'll phone her right away, long distance, and tell her to come home in the morning."

"No, no," protested Clinton. "I understand your mother's sister is ill."

"It's not serious at all. You don't know how funny it sounds to hear you say my mother's sister. Of course she's not your real aunt, any more than mamma is not your real——Oh! I hadn't thought of that! Can it be you've got a quirk in your dear old muddled pate, and are pretending all this because I'm only your half-sister? Oh, Will!"

"It's you who have a quirk," he replied. "You and your friends. You've persuaded me into pretending I am your brother, when I am——"

"S-s-s-sh!" she silenced him. "You've agreed to be it. You've promised. Now sit right down in your own chair, like a good boy."

He smiled quizzically and seated himself in the big leathern chair to which she led him. She pushed him back into the depths of the chair and darted from the room.

CHAPTER VII.

A DELAYED DEPARTURE.

THE girl came back into the parlor bearing a tray. She knelt down beside the big chair and smilingly held the tray out to him. On it were matches, a china tobacco jar, and a beautifully colored meerschaum.

"Your poipe an' baccy, sor," she informed him. "Fire up."

"Miss—I mean—Amy," he protested, "I cannot permit you to wait on me. Anyway, my doctor told me I should not smoke—in the presence of ladies."

"I'm not ladies. I'm just one poor lone little sister. So if you won't do it, I will."

She set the tray on the floor and proceeded to load the pipe, with a deftness that showed previous practice. Having struck a match, she made pretense of putting the pipe to her own lips, but instead reached up and thrust the amber into his mouth as he was about to speak. With that plump little hand holding the match over the bowl, he could do no less than close his teeth on the mouthpiece and begin smoking.

"You see, all you need is gentle persuasion," she remarked as she cuddled down before him with her arm on his knee. "Now we're comfy, and you look quite yourself."

"Do I?"

"Yes. So I want to ask your brotherly advice—not that I expect to take it. Charlie is coming tonight, and he is coming to the point—if I let him. Shall I?"

"What?" queried the young man who persisted in calling himself Richard Clinton yet had agreed to "make believe" to be her brother. He took the pipe from his mouth and sat erect in the chair.

"Oh, Will!" exclaimed the girl. "You do remember! You remember that you did not want me to encourage him."

"No, I do not remember. I cannot even pretend——" He stopped and sat gazing fixedly at her animated face.

"Cannot what?" she asked.

"Pretend to remember, when I am not——" Suddenly his face became resolute. "Just the same, I do not wish you to encourage that fellow."

"Meanie! Isn't he the best-dressed man about town?"

"I saw one still more perfect in the display window of one of the clothing stores."

Most girls would have smiled or tittered at the quip. Amy burst into so clear and ringing a laugh that he had to join in the merriment.

"How funny you've become!" she exclaimed. "You were such a grumpy old bear before you left. Instead of making fun of Charlie, you took him so seriously. Perhaps you don't know that he has been flirting with Ellen. Doesn't that make you furious?"

"Why should it?"

"Why? But of course you guess right that it has been only an attempt to make me jealous. The silly thinks he can fool Ellen and me. But of course, ever since you got Ellen, I've been it with him."

"No wonder!" murmured Clinton.

The girl caught his hands between hers and gave it an affectionate squeeze. "You don't mean that, when you know how ever so much more charming Ellen is; but it's dreadfully nice of you to say it, dear."

"Miss Lowrie, I cannot——" he began as he straightened up in the chair.

"Sit down, do!" she interrupted, clinging fast to his hand. "I want to ask you to tell me really and truly just why you don't want me to—to encourage Charlie."

"Have you done so?" he asked.

"Just a teenty, weenty bit," she admitted.

He frowned. "You insist that I must speak as a brother?"

"Of course."

"Very well, then. I should say that he is too much of a——" Clinton hesitated. "Really, Miss—Amy, I cannot say anything. It would not be honorable, when you would be taking my opinion as that of your brother."

"Botheration! Even if you don't remember you're Will, I want you to make believe you do."

A bell rang in the rear of the house. The young man looked toward the hall with an expression of relief not unmixed with regret.

"Is that a caller?" he asked. "Had you not better take a chair?"

"Not unless you promise to be yourself."

"I promise," he readily responded.

She sprang up and danced around his chair with the gleefulness of a child. Tillie thrust her gray head in at the hall doorway and announced austerely: "Here's Missus Kirkland an' Miss Ellen an' Mister Bemm."

As the callers entered, their animated faces belied the sedateness of their movements.

"Amy, my dear!" Mrs. Kirkland called out. "You're dancing!—he looks so at home! Can it be possible that he——?"

"Yes, yes! He's promised to be himself! Isn't it grand!" cried the girl. She whirled about to grasp Clinton's arm as he rose. "Hurry out into the hall with Ellen and tell her—hurry!"

Ellen clasped her hands. "Will!" she murmured. "Do you really remember? Have you come to yourself?"

"Ah, yes, that's the question," added Bemm. "Out with it, old man. Own up, now; you've been ragging us all along."

"Pretending? Will pretending?" protested Ellen. "I cannot believe it."

Clinton straightened. "I wish to inform Mr. Bemm that thruout this peculiar affair of mistaken identity I have insisted that I am myself, Richard Clinton. Only, after coming here, I agreed, at the request of Miss Lowrie——"

"'Miss Lowrie'!" reproved Amy.

He bowed. "Yes. At your request I agreed to make believe to be your brother."

"Of course, to be yourself, Will."

"You refuse to believe me; nor do they believe me," he said, looking from her to the others. "All of you think I am Mr. Lowrie. I know that I am not. If I stay here while you are under such a misapprehension, you will have the right to consider me an impostor when you learn the truth. I shall go to some hotel and remain there until I have sent on and received the proofs of my identity."

"Go to a hotel?" remonstrated Amy. "Why, you dear old silly, you're known everywhere. If you register under this stage name, they'll send for the insane asylum doctors."

"They might, indeed," confirmed Mrs. Kirkland.

"Is the whole town a pack of lunatics?" exclaimed Clinton, his blue eyes flashing. "I shall not go to a hotel. I will take my train tonight as I intended, and——"

"Oh, no, no!" implored Ellen. "Surely you'll not desert us!"

"I will go on to California," he insisted. "There I shall send for proofs of my identity, and when I have finished my visit to the coast, I shall return here to convince you of your mistake."

"You shan't go!" declared Amy.

"I must," he replied. "If I stay here, you and Miss Kirkland will persist in this delusion. Probably you'll soon hear that your brother is in the East or abroad. Imagine your anger at me when you learn that I am not he."

"Mr.—Clinton," said Mrs. Kirkland, "do you not realize that it will cause us much apprehension—anguish—if you go away while we still believe you to be Will?"

"It would be dishonorable of me to stay," he rejoined, and he started toward the door.

THE ladies exchanged glances of fear and despair. Bemm stepped before the departing guest, suave and smiling but with a resolute glint in his eyes.

"I say, old man," he soothed, "really now, you can't cut and run this way. You really can't afford to, y'know."

"Why not?"

"Because—er— You say it would be dishonorable for you to stay. Would it not be more so to go?"

"How?" demanded Clinton, his eyes hardening.

Bemm did not flinch. Instead his smile became still more suave. "Really now, as a friend, y'know, I must remind you that to go without first clearing up the —er—uncertainty as to the disappearance of those bonds——"

"Bonds? What bonds?"

"Now, now, don't excite yourself. No one questions that you disposed of the bonds while off your head."

"Indeed, no; there is no question as to that," confirmed Mrs. Kirkland.

"Of course!" cried Amy and Ellen in the same breath.

Clinton raised his half-clinched hand and snapped it downward. "Do you wish to drive me mad?" he exclaimed. "I tell you I am Richard Clinton. I have absolutely nothing to do with this Will Lowrie. I am not he. I shall go——"

"Oh, Will!" protested Ellen.

"You poor old muddled dear!" sighed Amy.

"I shall go and not return until I have the positive proofs of my identity to show you."

"Proofs of what you think you are? Oh! that means you'll never come back!" cried Ellen.

Amy slipped away and glided out into the room behind the parlor as Clinton took another step toward the hall door. Bemm set himself directly in the way.

"Hold on, old man," he advised. "As your friend, y'know, I really can't let you go."

"You are not my friend," rejoined Clinton. "Be so good as to step aside."

"Now, now, keep cool. Don't get violent," said Bemm.

Clinton put out his hand to push him away. Bemm caught him by the wrist in a viselike grasp. Clinton's face went white; his eyes shone like sunlit ice. He spoke in a very low and quiet tone: "You fool. There are ladies present. Let go."

"Not unless you give me your word to stay and clear up about those bonds," replied Bemm.

Clinton made an attempt to wrest himself free. Bemm held him fast with unexpected strength. But he made the mistake of permitting a shade of irony to appear in his suave smile. The look in his prisoner's eyes warned him to guard himself. He flung up his right arm with the quickness of an expert boxer. Clinton was a fraction of a second quicker. His clinched left hand drove in over the upswinging arm and encountered Bemm's chin. Stunned by the blow, Bemm swayed backward and would have fallen heavily had not Clinton eased him to the floor.

Ellen uttered a stifled shriek. Clinton straightened up, from beside the white-faced, inert interferer and looked apologetically at the girl and her equally startled mother.

"Pray pardon me!" he said. "Do not be alarmed. He'll be all right in a few moments. . . . I could not stand for his laying hands on me."

"To think that you could have so forgotten yourself!" reproved Mrs. Kirkland.

"Was I to endure being treated as a thief?" he broke in. "I regret that he forced it upon me before yourself and your daughter. However, I shall now relieve you of my ungentlemanly presence."

"Oh, Will! No, no! Do not leave me!" implored Ellen.

He bowed coldly. "You will be the first to thank me for it, Mrs. Kirkland, when you learn who I am."

"But a few minutes!" protested Mrs. Kirkland—"until my husband comes!"

"He, too, may attempt restraint. No, madam, this is quite enough," rejoined Clinton, and he stepped around the still unconscious Bemm.

Before he could reach the hall doorway Amy popped into it from the other side and outspread her arms to bar the way.

"You dear old silly," she bantered. "That's all the good it did you, knocking down poor Charlie boy. You can't run away. I've locked the front door, and I've hidden the key and your hat."

"Miss Lowrie," he sternly replied, "I will not permit even you to——"

"Growly bear! Growly bear!" she mocked.

He stepped toward her with the evident purpose of pushing past into the hall. She dared to meet him, and, before he could evade her, flung her arms about his neck. He grasped her wrists, but her fingers were locked fast. To have freed himself he must have resorted to outright violence.

"I—I—Miss Lowrie," he stammered, "really this is—is most——"

"Promise!" she demanded, clinging tighter.

He looked down into her upturned face. The starlike brown eyes were soft with tender affection and bright with merry triumph. To gaze into them and remain stern was an impossibility.

"Promise?" he questioned.

"To stay."

"But I——"

"You must—else I'll never, never let go. You'll have to carry me around with you all the time, everywhere."

The embarrassment that had succeeded his sternness gave place in turn to a whimsical look. "I've a mind to take you at your word."

"You mean——?"

"Take you with me."

She released one hand to stroke his forehead. "Your poor head!" she soothed. "There! There!"

With a sudden return of irritation, he sought to draw himself free from her. She clung to him and again locked her fingers together.

"No, you don't," she exulted. "It's no use trying to escape. You've got to promise."

"I say, Miss Amy," murmured Bemm, eagerly sitting up, "if I should try to run off, would you——"

"I promise to remain until Doctor Kirkland comes," broke in Clinton.

"Oh, you will? And Charlie's not hurt!" exclaimed Ellen.

"That's a dear old brotherkins!" ap-

(Continued on Page 28.)

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PERSONAL—(Continued)

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MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

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MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

ARE YOU LONESOME? WRITE BETTY Lee, 4254 Broadway, New York City. Send stamp, please.

WOULD YOU WRITE A WEALTHY, pretty girl? Stamped envelope, please. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY BACHELOR WANTS sweet, affectionate wife. Ladies, write. (L-B) Club, B-40, Cimarron, Kansas.

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CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKlet free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Georgia Eaves, Earlington, Kentucky, wishes to hear from, or concerning son, Elmer Eaves, 18 years old. Last heard from in Louisville, Ky., one year and a half ago. Description: Low, heavy set; brown skin; white spot in left eye; weight about 145; black hair; brown eyes. Any information as to his present location will be thankfully received by his mother.

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With This Fine

RAMEE REPP Embroidered Dress

Get this lovely Spring and Summer Jumper dress at **less than half price**, and the pretty Voile Guimpe **Free**; rush in your name and size **today** to make sure for we expect 100,000 orders for these sensational bargains! This jumper dress is all the rage among fashionably dressed women. Made of genuine **Ramee Repp**, the material that launders so beautifully.

Rich Silkaline **Washable** embroidery outlines low round neck and terminates in elaborate pattern on front. Skirt and pockets gorgeously embroidered in matched design. Neck, arm holes and pockets edged with white piping. Jaunty patent leather belt.

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Just your name, address and number of automatic selected. Pay postman our price plus few cents postage on arrival. Free Catalog upon request.

Guarantee Trading Co. Montgomery St. Jersey City N.J.

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

(Continued From Page 26)

proved Amy in the same breath, and she rose on tiptoe with her smiling lips upturned for his brotherly salute.

Bemm sighed enviously. At the sigh Clinton bent over the temptation. His lips came so near to the girl's that his mustache grazed the tip of her saucy nose. But instead of kissing her on the mouth, he put up his hand to lift her backflung head, and pressed his lips reverently to her broad white forehead.

"I say, now," remarked Bemm, "if that's not proof you're her brother!—Miss Amy has only to say the word, and I shall be charmed to illustrate how one who is not a brother——"

The girl faced the others, leaning affectionately on Clinton's shoulder. "Ellen, dear, call Tillie to fetch a bucket of ice water. Poor Charlie Bemm is still off his head."

"I'm not," denied Bemm, rising a trifle unsteadily. "On the contrary, it was my head that came near being off me."

Mrs. Kirkland looked earnestly at Clinton. "May I suggest that an apology——" she began.

"From me!" flashed Bemm, with a heartiness that forestalled Clinton's frown. "Tho I meant it as a friend, I should not have—er—resorted to physical persuasion."

"That is generous of you, Mr. Bemm," said Clinton.

"Well, you see, you persuaded me, instead," rallied Bemm. "You presented a deucedly effective argument."

"Oh, if Charlie takes it that way, Will," remarked Mrs. Kirkland.

"Indeed, yes," added Ellen, regarding Amy's sisterly cuddling with a wistful look. "But you'll never do such a shocking thing again, will you?"

"That depends," answered Clinton, a trifle dryly.

Part two of this interesting and amusing story will appear in the next issue of the Ledger. It will be a lengthy installment, and no doubt the mysterious traveler's disputed identity will lead him into all sorts of entanglements. Of considerable importance is the whereabouts of the missing bonds, but the uppermost question just now is this: Is the young stranger Will Lowrie, or Richard Clinton? If he is Clinton, then where is Lowrie? See next week's Ledger.

For Ledger Girls and Boys

A TRAPEZE ARTIST.

WANT to see a circus stunt
Like the show folks do?
All right, stand right there in front,
Watch what I go thru.

'Course I ain't no ackerbat
Like them in the show;
I ain't big enough for that,
But I'm learnin', tho.

I can't do such darin' swings
As the men do there,
Nor turn somersaults an' things
'Way up in the air.

I can hang, tho, by my toes
Long as you count ten;
Don't count slow, tho, now here goes—
There, I done it then.

'Sides that I can "chin the bar"
Eight times, mebbe nine;
Want to see me? There you are—
Don't you think I'm fine?

James Fenimore Cooper.

CAN you picture to yourself the time when central New York State was considered the backwoods of America, and all beyond was unknown territory? Can you close your eyes and imagine traveling thru western Pennsylvania and being beset by Indians? In just such a story book world lived James Fenimore Cooper, whose birthday anniversary falls on Sept. 15th.

He was born in Burlington, N. J., but while he was yet an infant he was taken to Otsego Lake, where his father owned many thousands of acres and where the family settled and founded the village of Cooperstown. There in the wilderness that formed the backwoods of the Colonies James passed his boyhood. By the side of the lake and in the woods he made friends with the hardy frontiersmen and watched them at their work. The craft of these woodsmen, the tricks of the trapper, the skill of the mountain fishermen, all the arts of the forest were familiar to Cooper, and it is small wonder that the blood of adventure surged thru his veins.

When quite young Cooper entered Yale University, but his roving spirit and love for the great outdoors proved fatal to his studies. He found it impossible to stick to his books. His family conferred and decided that a short time spent at sea might cure his tendency to frolic, and so when Cooper was but 17 he sailed aboard a merchant vessel bound for a year's service. His sea experience added to those of his life on the border, formed the basis of his many books. In all he wrote more than thirty books, the most famous of which relate tales of America's backwoods.

Oddly enough, his first efforts were imitations of English novels which were then so popular, and so well did he write of life in England that even the English reviewers did not suspect that they were not the product of an English author. Later he attempted to write of the life he really knew in all its intimate details, and under his own name he produced the first American historical novels. Their success was instantaneous and lasting. Cooper's novels have been translated into almost every known language, and they are read today with as much interest as they were a hundred years ago.

Napoleon Anecdotes.

THE story is told that after one of his greatest battles Emperor Napoleon gathered the remnant of his forces around him and proceeded to compliment them in his characteristic manner, so endearing to the hearts of his soldiers. Finally Company D, of the guards, who had been in the thick of the fight were ordered to present themselves, and to the astonishment of the Emperor a single soldier appeared. He was bound up in bandages and could barely walk.

"Where is the rest of your company?" asked the Emperor.

A tear welled in the old soldier's eye as he answered: "Your majesty, they lie on the field dead," and then woefully added, "they fought better than I."

A New One.

"DADDY, is God Hollywood?" Bryant Washburn's little boy asked him.

"What a foolish question!" said his father. "Why did you ask that?"

"Why, in Sunday school today they all said, 'Our Father which art in Heaven, Hollywood be Thy name."

Scientific Management.

"DICKY," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Metamorphoses.

285—The problem is to change one word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters remaining in the same order. Example: Change wood to coal in three moves. Answer: Wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change beach to place in three moves.
2. Change place to stale in four moves.
3. Change stale to score in three moves.
4. Change score to scale in two moves.

Novel Acrostic.

286—All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in order the initial letters will spell the name of a famous country and another row of letters will spell the name of one of its best known men.

1. To hate; to loathe.
2. Having the qualities of meal.
3. A planet.
4. Common name for wireless telegraphy.
5. A foolish person.
6. Parts of a dollar.
7. Wrathful.

Enigma.

287—My first is in truth, but not in lie;
My second is in cracker, but not in pie.
My third is in famous, but not in known;
My fourth is in evening, but not in noon.
My fifth is in green, but not in gray;
My whole is something that carries you away.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

282—Double Acrostic.

Moss. Fern. Crosswords: MufF. OwE. SpuR. SooN.

283—Riddle-me-ree.

Prize.

284—Charade.

O-pal.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

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